

# Collier's

NOVEMBER

7, 1903



R. A. Wright

VOLUME XXXII : NUMBER 6 : PRICE 10 CENTS

# WILLIAMS' SHAVING SOAP



## BE FAIR TO YOUR FACE

and your face will be fair.

Can you afford to be less careful about the soap you put on your face, than about the food you eat?

Think what one mistake may cost you.

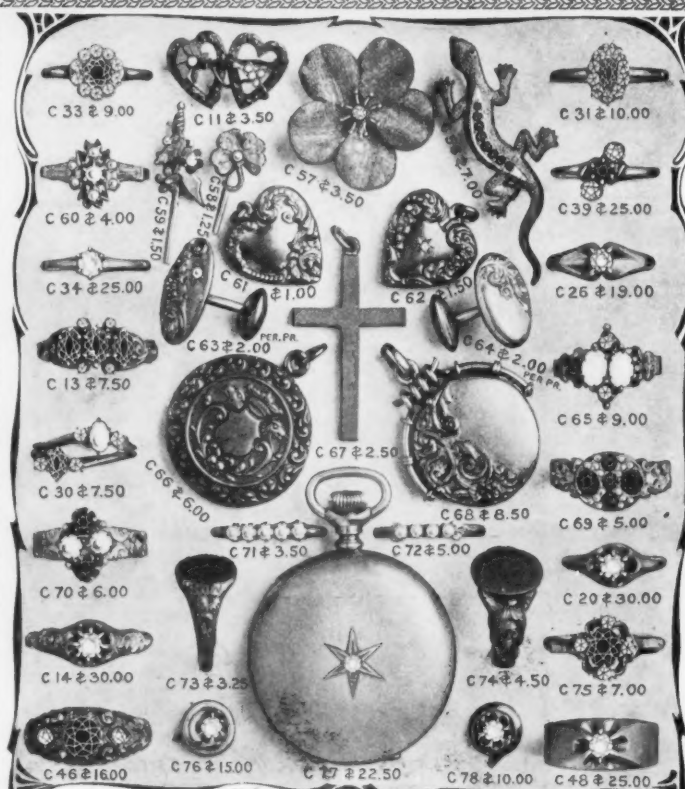
There's only one safe way.

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Sold in the form of Shaving Sticks, Shaving Tablets, etc., throughout the world.

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Mahin Advertising Company  
800 Monroe St. Chicago

Los Angeles, Cal. Aug. 8, '09  
Mr. John Lee Mahin,  
Chicago, Ill.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of a copy of your Vest Pocket Hand Book. It is numbered 212, which just about represents its value in dollars to a busy man during a calendar year.

Yours truly,  
JNO. J. BYRNE,  
G.P.A., A.T. & S.F.R.R.  
(Coast Lines)

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Gentlemen: Mahin's Vest Pocket Hand Book received. To say that I am pleased would be putting it very mildly. I think it is the "biggest little book" I ever saw. It should be in the possession of every commercial and theatrical man.

Yours truly,  
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Penn. Bill Posters and Distributors Association

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Suits and Overcoats \$15.00 and made to your measure up.

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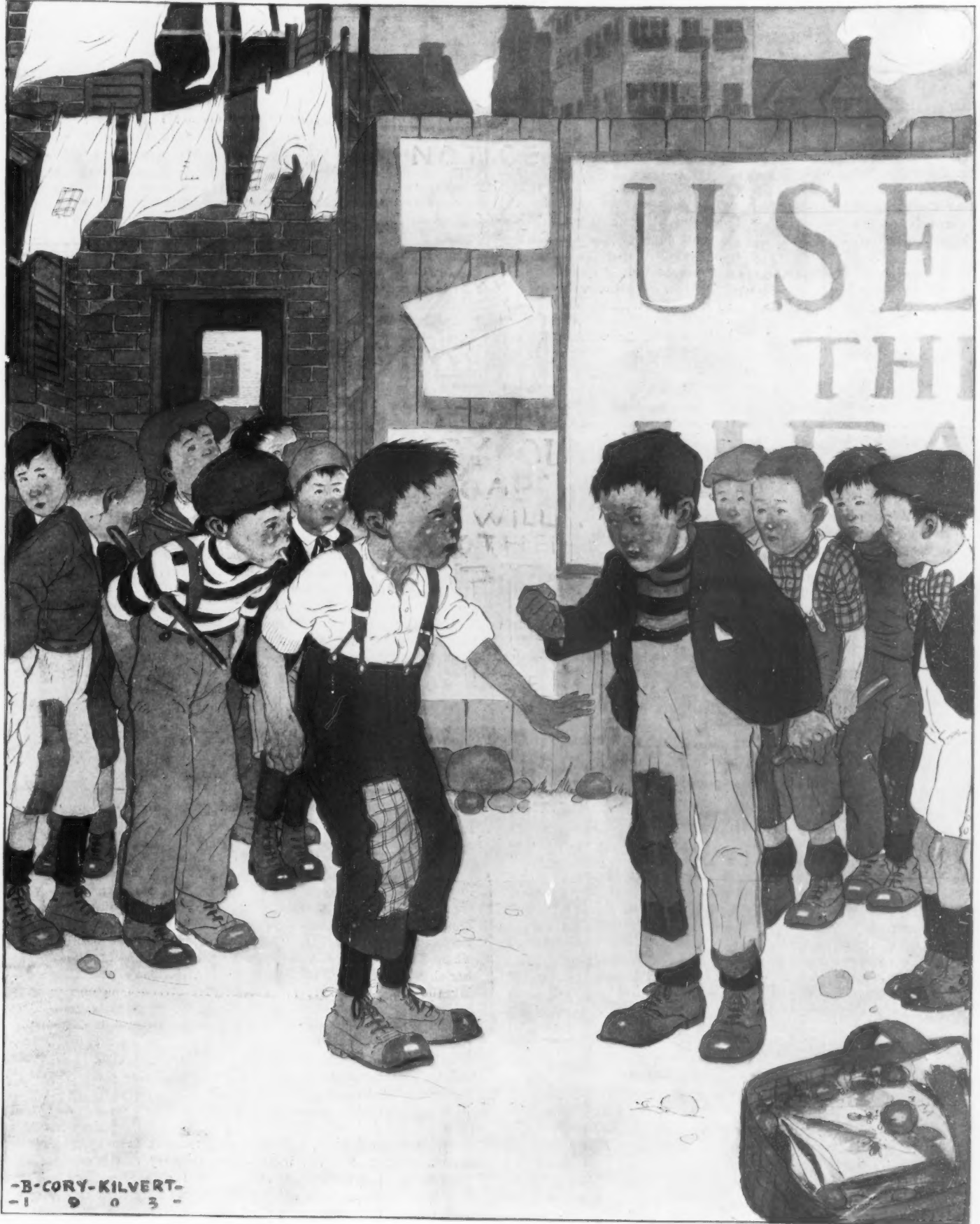
THE ROYAL TAILORS  
CHICAGO, U. S. A.



# COLLIER'S

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1903



THE LEADERS OF THE GANGS

DRAWN BY B. CORY KILVERT



**J**UGGLING FOR MILLIONS, as it is performed by trust experts, deserves the reception which is following the exposures. Turning water into money is safer than selling gold bricks, because the trust manipulators purchase the ablest legal talent. Morally, between such performances and easy-mark thieving schemes, there is no difference. When the eleventh commandment, or "Thou shalt not be found out," is broken by these voracious plutocrats, we stand aghast at the unconcern with which they bleed the public. Lying for money seems to be consistent with high position in society and business.

**RESPECTABILITY** Men most conspicuously desired in society have batten on bribery and false pretences. Some of them have been honored with public office. Nothing could be more respectable than they. They are our nobility, as able to ride over the scruples of classes below them as the nobility of birth once rode over plebeian bodies which blocked the street. The exposures in Wall Street may diminish the prestige of "success," as accumulating wealth by disregarding honesty is called. If they do, they will accomplish a profound improvement. "Pluck, skill, and determination," says a humorist, "will, in time, work wonders, but they get much quicker returns by working suckers."

**AMONG MR. CHAMBERLAIN'S SINS** should be numbered the harm which his system would work upon infant industries like the trust in steel. The combination-maker is worthy of his per cent. If our plutocrats are so needy for millions that they are willing to bunco their companion investors, consider the hardship to them of a tariff which might prevent their invasion of a foreign market. As Mr. Schwab has unwillingly explained, the steel corporation is able profitably to cut English prices all to pieces. If Mr. Chamberlain reduces the incomes of our Schwabs, Carnegies, Morgans, and Rockefellers, shall these men have no protection from Washington, and shall the American people be deprived of libraries, works of art, industrial schools, and Baptist universities?

**CHAMBERLAIN  
VS. SCHWAB**

Our plan of the closed door for America and the open door for China and Great Britain has worked so neatly that the readiness of Messrs. Chamberlain and Balfour to thwart it will stir honest indignation. If beet-sugar men can throw doubt on our willingness as a people to do bare justice to Cuba, surely the far greater commercial interests which have been able, by strokes of the pen, to separate the public from millions, will find some way of thwarting the plans of British politicians. The names of captains of industry no longer work the magic which once was theirs, but they probably have power enough to see that one of their softest "snaps" is not removed by England. In considering such home problems as Cuban reciprocity, and such foreign menaces as Chamberlain, let us not overlook any danger which threatens our millionaires.

**A**MERICA'S INTERESTS in the near and far East differ altogether. In the far East our stake is of trade, which is to say, of money. Should Russia be able to outwit Mr. Hay, or outface the United States, shutting the Manchurian doors in our face would cut off one stream of wealth, but it would have no other bearing on our civilization. In the near East, however, the whole situation bears on us directly through immigration. Harsh and ignorant government in Eastern Europe increases the volume and decreases the quality of human imports which we must digest. There is, of course, one device by which this particular foreign interest could be eliminated from among our concerns—an immigration law, that is, which had some reasonable qualifications of education. That the Italian vote of New York was almost solid Tammany in the last election indicates some of the consequences of undigested immigration. To our mind, therefore, the fate of Southeastern Europe has a more vital connection with American welfare than the fate of the

**OUR EAST  
LEN TAKES**

Chinese Empire. Although the sympathies of practically all Americans are against Russia and for Japan, no serious menace to our welfare would be created by Russian control of China and its consequent check to trade, whereas the very make-up of our national character is influenced by everything that affects the civilization of those parts of Eastern Europe which now flood our shores and which have so long proved a puzzle to statesmen. "The Pacific Ocean," said Seward, "its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond, will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter," and Blaine estimated that eight hundred thousand miles of our territory were dependent upon the Pacific for a commercial outlet, even before the Isthmian Canal enterprise promised to bring us nearer Asia. Nevertheless, despite this commercial interest, Russia is able to do no more certain harm by oppressing Europeans than she is by exploiting Chinamen.

**THE LAW OF MALTHUS**, it is suggested, has been impaired by the invention of automobiles. Malthus stated the tendency of mankind to increase faster than the means of subsistence. The automobile sets a limit to this threatened increase. Once we had plague, smallpox, and yellow fever. These abolished by our boards of health, their function is assumed by trolleys and the ominous "bubple." Thus nature, from age to age, finds new checks to population. We imagine, however, that this device has seen its best days. When bicycles first became the rage, crossing a city street was hazardous. Now that wheels are ridden only by those who want them, passengers seldom find them dangerous. When automobiles cease to be a toy and are used only in the ordinary course of life, their efficiency in strengthening the death rate will diminish. The Germans have now **SPEED** badly broken their recent trolley record of one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour. Scientific journals explain how seldom such a rate can enter into actual use. The taste of passengers, the ability of engineers to see signals and think instantly, the need of special tracks, all indicate that, although science has triumphed in Germany, the practical acceptance of such high speed is remote. Machines are most dangerous when they are new, and most discouraging to the nervous. In a hundred years, whatever velocity has been introduced by science, the strain on our nerves will probably be about the same, and the check to population will be only moderately increased. Such reflections may serve as anaesthetics to a few whose lives are now rendered hunted and miserable by the constant dread of violent death.

**THE WALKING DELEGATE** of the future, in a recent Gibson picture, is sitting asleep, in spacious luxury, with a flunky in attendance and an empty bottle at his side. Now comes a saloon-keeper, who admits that he committed perjury in order to keep Sam Parks from going to prison for blackmail, and describes a meeting in his private room, where he and Parks and the attorneys sat drinking champagne. In the big trusts, what underlies corruption is the love of power. In minor thieves, it is the love of luxury. Both reduce themselves, of course, to the fight for money. We feel a certain sorrow for Sam Parks, bad as he is, going to prison because he sold out his fellow-working-men, while managers of the greatest construction company in the world, which makes a business of corrupting men like Parks, are in small danger of seeing Sing Sing. The love of luxury, the ambition to enjoy more of the fat things of life than fall naturally to us, has its good and evil sides. It spurs ambition, but it often destroys integrity. "Sir," said Doctor Johnson, "no nation was ever hurt by luxury, for it can reach but a very few." Since the doctor's time it has reached further. Laboring men live better to-day than employers lived in Johnson's time. This placing of opportunity and comfort within the reach of many is the accomplishment of industrial democracy. What we need is a corresponding spiritual growth to keep our material interests within bounds.

**LUXURY**

**SENATOR GORMAN'S EFFORT** to bring race antagonism into the field of national politics is not for the purpose of making it prominent in the campaign of 1904. Any politician knows that on such an issue it would be the Solid North against the Solid South, and the Democratic party would be beaten to insensibility. Prejudice would take the place of reason, and the old hostility, which inflicted so much hardship on the South, would vote against her above Mason and Dixon's line. Mr. Gorman's object in blowing the embers is more immediate. He strengthens himself with Southern delegations, and he adds to the President's difficulties. Possibly he pleases certain Republican Senators. If he secures the nomination, he will never press that issue to the front. He is using it now not as a statesman but as a politician, not because he seeks the general good, but because it fits the political game. Mr. Roosevelt was unfortunate in the Crum appointment and the Washington dinner. Any man who throws himself against the color line will make that line firmer, damage himself, and aggravate the Southern task. As the South, black and white, increases in industry and education, the negroes must receive their share of the general welfare. They will reap a benefit from every progress made by their own people, and from every progress made by the whites as well. Advancement the South will make surely, but it must be allowed to make it without continual irritation from people who, remote from experience, wish to discuss suffrage, amendments, human brotherhood, and the door of hope. If Mr. Roosevelt failed to understand these truths when he received the Presidency, he probably understands them now. If he wished to confirm the negro vote

**POLITICAL  
TRICKERY**





in the North, he has accomplished that move. He and his party are likely to let the subject alone from this time forth. Mr. Gorman and his party would do well to follow their example. Quiet sympathy is what the question needs, and the country's stake in its solution is so great that politicians who draw hostile lines for their private ends deserve to suffer. Mr. Gorman's influence in politics has never been for good.

**RADIUM DESTROYS GERMS**, but radium costs three thousand times as much as gold. If a barber puts a fresh towel under the head of each customer he raises the price of a shave. If he were compelled to sterilize his instruments, to the degree undertaken by one medical barber-shop in Paris, his fee would approach the dollar mark. Every man who smokes puts a generous allowance of germs between his teeth. Uncooked food, like salads, has the bacteria of the water with which it is prepared. Not only are we unable wholly to avoid the deadly germ, but many undoubted methods of outwitting him cost too much in time, money, or ab-

**BACTERIA** stentation. Some there be who avoid cars, and others the public carriage, from dread of exchanging germs with occupants. There are even those who, at the theatre, prefer a box because it promises a species of bacteria superior to what is offered in the stalls. At the opposite extreme are thousands who gayly drink from any vessel, and many who by the use of public towels and soap exchange honest soil for insidious beasts. The number of deaths caused by carelessness probably surpasses the number encouraged by worry, but both are great. The best chance belongs to the man who calmly takes what precautions are easy and within his means, and omits the rest without wasting thought. Secure in the knowledge that "death lurks in every flower" and hurts us most in apprehension, he is observant without timidity, and careful without anxiety.

**MR. FOLK'S STATEMENT** that he stands upon the Kansas City and Chicago platforms is likely to be misunderstood by many remote from the region in which the St. Louis Circuit Attorney is at work. There is a type of Western Democrat who is seldom comprehended in the East. A man of this type gives more attention to the general mood of a platform than to its details. He feels that something is wrong and ought to be set right. Therefore he stands upon the Kansas City and Chicago platforms. Ask him if he believes in sixteen to one and he may call that question a minor issue. Mr. Bryan, he may add, perhaps made a mistake in selecting silver coinage as a remedy. He made perhaps a greater mistake in trying to name a ratio. But he sought a remedy. That, in the mind of the Folk

**A WESTERN  
DEMOCRAT**

type of Democrat, is the important thing. Such a man in office might prove cautious. Realizing that he knew nothing of currency and certain other special topics, he might surround himself with such men as helped Mr. McKinley progress from free silver to gold and from a rigid tariff to one more adapted to the times. These principles would become important if Mr. Folk, after being elected Governor, were to become a candidate for still higher office. As Governor of Missouri he would need only to employ the gifts and qualities which he has already shown. His election would be an honor to the State and a guarantee of progress. He has proved not only moral virtues which meet every temptation, but the much rarer ability to cope successfully with the organized forces of respectable crime. His candidacy is backed by a nation's confidence and sympathy.

**THE BRITISH HAVE SENT US** a strong and wholesome man as their Ambassador. If the society element is less conspicuous than it has been, the social element need not be. Sir Henry Mortimer Durand, although his age is fifty-three, began his career in the Bengal Civil Service thirty years ago. He has risen steadily, through his ability, without aid, it is generally believed, of the social kind so common in England. He comes from a family, nevertheless, which has for generations been in the public service. So

**OUR NEW  
AMBASSADOR**

he is likely to combine the amenities of city life with the astuteness which has enabled him to meet the Russian diplomats in Asia. As far as the United States is at present concerned, the British Ambassador needs little more than prudence and popularity, but developments between Japan and Russia show how fortunate it might be at any moment to have in Washington a skilful opponent to the Russian Ambassador. By taking an easy post at Madrid, after a life of struggle, Sir Mortimer may have indicated that his days for severe diplomatic labors were at an end. At Washington his position will be more important than in Spain, without having the hardship of the Eastern work. A man so intimately acquainted with Russian methods

should be useful to England even if he is called upon for nothing more definite than disseminating his interpretation of Russian diplomacy. Such influences count. The diplomatic results of Kipling, in spreading through the United States his suspicion of the bear that looks like a man, are greater than the results of most professional diplomacy. England has chosen for Ambassador to Washington a man likely to help her in those emergencies which are the most likely to arise.

**DRESSMAKERS ARE NOT OMNIPOTENT.** Even as a liberty-loving people, living in a monarchy, when their grievances pass endurance, arise and make their power felt, so the women of Paris, usually meek in the hands of Worth and Paquin, have refused to take their latest orders. They will not go back to crinoline. The dressmakers, not possessing genius to give the modern woman raiment suited to her character and life, tried their dull old game of exhuming a fashion after a certain interval of death, and for perhaps the first time in history they realized the limits of their sway. Woman's advancement is **CRINOLINE** genuine. She has not only left behind the feeble and artificial ideas of modesty which crinoline expressed, but she has taken up many new activities with which it is inconsistent. Her intelligence, her independence, her equality, and her need of free motion for the pleasures and business of her life, all make a bulwark too strong for the traditional stupidity of the modiste. If one is sceptical about the reality of progress, let him reflect upon the impossibility of crinoline to-day, or probably even bustles, while the sacred corset gradually loses in rigidity:

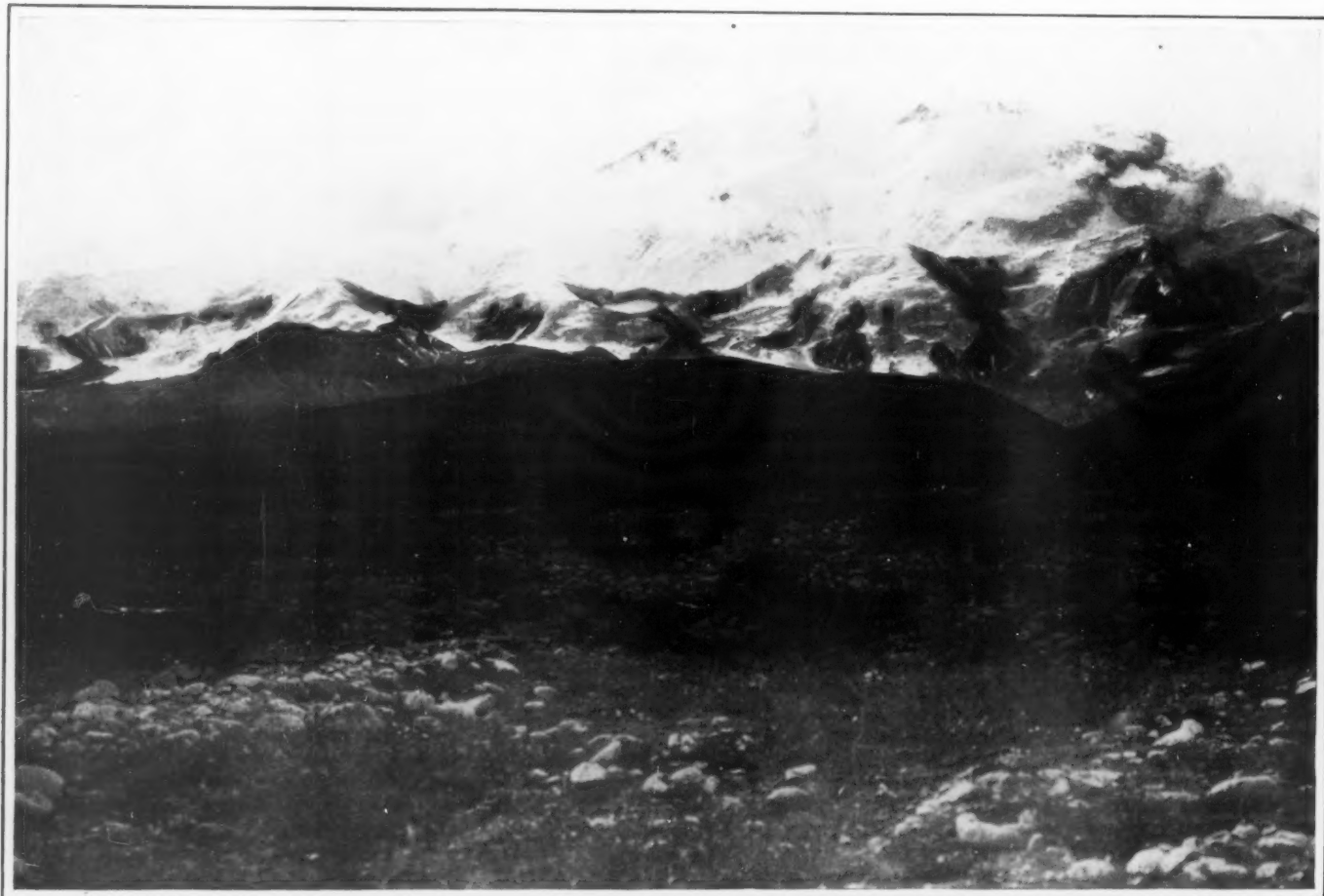
Oh fair undress, best dress! it checks no vein,  
But every flowing limb in pleasure drowns,  
And heightens ease with grace.

Our women may never go, in raiment, so far toward beauty as the Greeks, but they have made rapid strides of late toward the simplicity which frees and expresses the actual human form. This is a subject which is sometimes taken frivolously, as in Lady Mary Wortley Montague's famous lines:

Be plain in dress, and sober in your diet;  
In short, my deary, kiss me! and be quiet.

We are inclined, however, to take it seriously, and to rejoice with earnestness in this latest victory in France.

**A BUILDING LOT** as an inducement to buy a set of books strikes us as over-generous. A subscriber writes to ask advice on the wisdom of paying thirty-six dollars for twelve volumes of four hundred pages each, with a lot thrown in, twenty-five by one hundred feet. If the subscriber is sure of the lot, even if it be a swamp, and need not promise to read the books, the bargain seems a good one. If the contract involves a promise to read the set, everything depends upon the contents. Some books we should hesitate to accept, even if the lot were on a Fifth Avenue corner. A young girl, with whom we entered into conversation, was puzzled by a question about what novels she liked and what she disliked. "I like them all," she said, as if it were entirely natural that she should. Such a reader as that would no doubt eagerly promise to read almost any number of volumes if they came cheap and were accompanied by two thousand five hundred square feet of earth. People with indigestion often have large appetites, due to failure in assimilation, and this medical truth applies to mental provender also. Some people can digest his- **ABOUT BOOKS** tory, biography, and science as readily as if they were tender steak, whereas fiction causes them as much difficulty as plum-pudding. Such facts involve the whole reading problem in a haze. We notice that there is a row in Germany about a trust recently formed by the retail booksellers, at the expense of writers, publishers, and readers. The general cost of books has increased from ten to fifty per cent. A combination of authors, fighting the ring, has branches all over Germany, Austria, and Switzerland. What strikes an American as incredible in the whole performance, is that among the leading authors those who have been making money out of literature are men of intellectual leadership, notably Hauptmann and Sudermann. The Germans, with no Carnegie libraries and a less extensive system of public schools, yet manage to consume much better literature on the average than we do. Whatever they may include in their "literary" output, they estimate it at more than that of England, France, and America combined, and proudly call themselves a land of authors and thinkers. Our faith is strong in the wisdom of disseminating literature and encouraging the reading habit, but we shall be pleased when signs are more frequent that the demand for nourishing books is increasing at the expense of the demand for literary candy. Let us be lenient alike to our minds and to our stomachs.



MOUNT MCKINLEY FROM THE VALLEY OF THE UPPER KUSKOKWIM RIVER, ALASKA



POINT AT WHICH THE EXPLORERS' ADVANCE WAS STOPPED BY A FIVE-THOUSAND-FOOT PERPENDICULAR WALL OF ROCK

## THE HIGHEST MOUNTAIN IN NORTH AMERICA

The summit of Mount McKinley, which is 20,300 feet above sea level, has never yet been reached. Dr. Cook's party, after weeks of hardship, attained an altitude of 11,300 feet, but was forced by insurmountable obstacles to turn back.—See Page 8

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ROBERT S. DUNN





# SEVEN DAYS

AN ILLUSTRATED REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S EVENTS



NEW YORK, NOVEMBER 7, 1903

**T**HIS is an age of ascents, which is another way of saying that it is an age of progress. Set an obstacle and you touch the match to ambition. Dr. Cook and Mr. Dunn have been the first human beings to put foot on the sides of Mount McKinley. Their failure to reach its summit, and the story of the forbidding heights which stopped them, will be only an invitation to further efforts.

So vast is our country, so varied its interests, that it is easy to overlook what vitally concerns us in other lands. While the negotiations at Tokio proceed slowly, we are attending to the business in hand, whether it is Cuban reciprocity, the labor question, a war on tramps, or building a subway in New York.

The Palma Government is financially stronger and politically weaker than we expected. The new Congress, which the old call of Cuba brings together, reveals few changes in membership, except that Gorman is back on his old battlefield.

## DIPLOMACY'S BATTLE ROYAL

**T**HERE they sit facing each other, the Russian, fully armed, big, phlegmatic, himself an Oriental, drawing another cup from the samovar when it is time to evacuate; the Japanese, fully armed, small, his black eyes missing nothing, with the speed and vitality of a terrier, but his face, whether it rains sabres or feathers, as immovable as that of a bronze Buddha. When the other makes a promise or a threat, he smiles that all-meaning smile of the Far East and sips another swallow of tea from his delicate china cup. Mighty is the stake. Behind the calm exterior of the disputants is the rage of the Russian official class (which is the only Russian public opinion) and that of the whole Japanese people, as habitual newspaper readers as we are. What is the extreme of selfish interest which has aroused each to its sense of outrage?

No more than the miser seems a miser in his own eye does the Russian think himself a landgrabber. The miser is wrapped up in the pennies he has lost; the Russian in the acres he has not yet occupied. His having gone in a hundred years from the Urals to the Pacific—twice the breadth of the United States

—without developing the country, is all the more reason to him why he should go further. Didn't we take the Philippines? Germany, Kiao-Chau? England, the Transvaal? If you say vested interests, he asks about the port of Dalny, the made-to-order trade emporium of the East (where there is no trade at all) which has cost him millions; about Port Arthur and the Manchurian Railroad and his forts, which have cost more millions.

## Art of Breaking Promises

When you say that he built them in a land which he acknowledged was not his own, he smiles and mentions Egypt. It never occurs to him that diplomatic promises are not made to be broken. If you state how much industrially England has done for Egypt the average Russian official will tell you, on the contrary, that the tea he had in Cairo was vile. If you say that England never actually set a date and broke it, he may tell you that the English are much cleverer than the Russians.

That old Anglo-Saxon excuse for expansion, the advance of the pioneer and the extension of trade, is not understandable to him, for he has nothing like it. With him the soldier is the pioneer; trade comes limping after like a lame pack-mule. Is not the Government gracious enough? Did we ever do as much? Did we ever build harbors and warehouses before any trade came? Shall we evacuate our forts, our barracks? The officers ask. Shall we give up when we already have? Shall we haul down the flag? The "Never!" is as vociferous in Russia as in any other patriotic land.

## Master of Sea and Land

With Japan's side we are already familiar. It is ours. Russia has given her word and broken it, as every Japanese man, woman, and child knows. There are more Japanese than Russian civilians earning a livelihood in Manchuria. There are no Russians except officials in Corea, and many thousands of Japanese with millions in Japanese money invested. Japan won Corea by conquest. Corea's autonomy is guaranteed. That autonomy has been continually threat-

ened by every trick of Russian diplomacy. Russia will do nothing to develop Corea. Japan will do everything. She needs Corea to assure her future, as much as New Orleans needs levees.

Russia's present attitude, which practically admits that Manchuria will not be evacuated, is due to the triumph of Alexieff, through the downfall of the old Finance Minister de Witte and the rise of de Plehve. De Witte knew the corruption in the building of the Manchurian Railroad, of the corruption in the army and the navy and every department of the Government, of Russian unpreparedness. His policy was industrial development, and, as for Manchuria, turning away wrath with the soft answer and a promise, but not falling back.

Alexieff is viceroy of Manchuria and master on sea and land. Not since the English Lord High Admirals has any Admiral had so much power as this big sailor, who is a Russian of the old school. He is the press association of Port Arthur. He can review as many troops, his defences are as strong, as he cares to have, the cablegrams say. But, personally, he is the pink of politeness. If you ask to see his barracks, he will invite you to tea instead, and if you want to travel in the interior, he would never think of letting you take the risk.

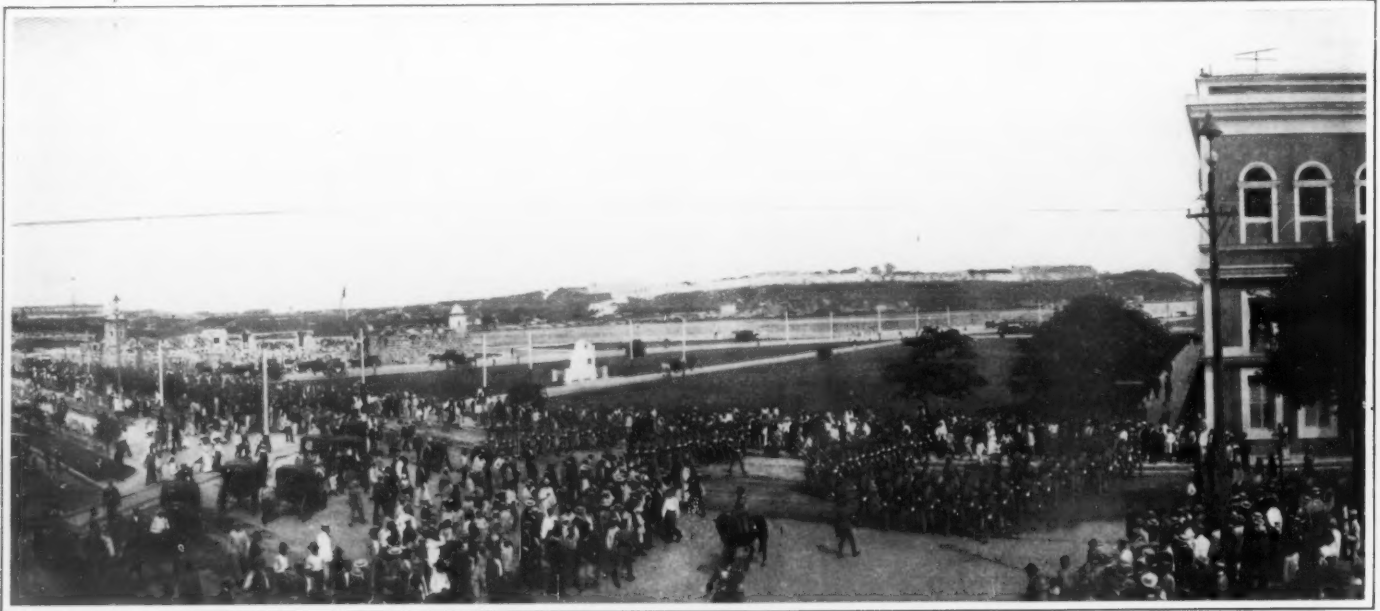
## "Americans Ruled by Women"

An English correspondent on the China campaign credits him with certain remarks that are in perfect accord with his character. "The British, who alone were ever worthy of our steel, are on the decline. The Germans are in a vise; we may give them as much as we wish to keep their neutrality and take it away at a later day. The French are our charming allies. The Americans are controlled by their women, when they don't have to ask their Congress or the newspapers what to do. The Japanese—pooh!" For him, his nation is one of arms, not of trade. He has all the big Russian contempt of his officers for the little Japanese.

On the Japanese side, Baron Komura, though in charge of negotiations, and one of the strongest of the younger statesmen, is not the man. The real ruler



THE INNER HARBOR OF PORT ARTHUR, SHOWING THE HEAVY FORTIFICATIONS ON THE HIGHLANDS



FINAL EVACUATION OF CUBA BY AMERICAN TROOPS

The two companies of United States Coast Artillery which remained at Santiago and Cienfuegos embarked from Havana on October 17. They were heartily cheered by the Cubans

of Japan is the Mikado, not a brilliant Emperor, but a steady, slow, prompt one of good judgment. Such is his power over his people that he may keep the peace, however keen they are for war. His closest advisers are Marquis Ito, and the older statesmen who brought mediæval Japan into modern civilization. When the old Marquis comes to town from his country place, either matters of state are critical or else he is simply going to dine with his lord, and the two will spend the evening making Japanese couplets. He has been in Tokio a great deal of late. He believes that industrial development is better than war; but no statesman since Bismarck—he is the Bismarck of Japan—knows how to play the game as well as he. Komura talks with him and the Emperor after he talks with Baron de Rosen, the Russian Minister. To keep the peace, Russia must have Manchuria and Japan must have Corea. Japan hugs Russia close, demanding the evacuation of Manchuria; a compromise must mean that each gets about what was originally expected.

#### Politics are Practical in China

What America overlooks is the vast interests we have at stake. Russia is our enemy. Japan is our friend so far as it subserves her interests, no further. Neither the Mikado nor the Marquis is any more sentimental than Mark Hanna, when it comes to foreign politics. With Manchuria and Corea in Russian hands we should get no trade. With Corea in Japanese hands, Japan would have, out of respect to our navy, to be our friend. If we do not play a stiff hand, we may yet see an understanding between Russia, Japan, Germany, and France against England and the United States.

We have a treaty with China for two free ports in Manchuria. That is worth about as much as the granting of a concession in Egypt by the French Government. Open the ports, and Government railroads and warehouses will discriminate against us. The only club England and the United States can hold over Russia is the Japanese army. We have a treaty with China for other trade privileges; it is good only so far as we have strength afloat. Mr. Hay has embarrassed Russian diplomacy by asking Russia to keep her promises. But in China the battle is altogether to the strong. Our boast about the Pacific as an American lake is not yet fulfilled.

#### MAKERS OF THE NEW CONGRESS

A RANCHER came up to Washington from the Southwest last session to see Congress at work. Delegate Rodey of New Mexico took him to one of the galleries in the Lower House.

They sat together for an hour. Rodey pointed out the leaders on the floor and explained what was going on.

"There don't seem to be any great big men there," said the rancher.

"Perhaps not," Rodey replied, "but it is a mighty good, fair, average lot of legislators."

"I see," said the rancher, "plenty of tableland, but no peaks."

#### Cannon Likes a Good Fighter

The rancher's designation fits the new Congress, too. There is plenty of tableland, but no peaks. The abiding Senate reassembles for the extra session without its sum-total of ability having been seriously disturbed by the subtraction of the men who went out or the addition of the men who went in, except that in Senator Gorman the Democrats now have a tangible head. In the House not many of the old and prominent leaders have been dropped. It is an average organization.

The advent of Cannon as Speaker means a rearrangement of the lines. The old bosses—Payne of New York, Dalzell of Pennsylvania, Grosvenor of Ohio, and one or two more—will not be so conspicuous. Cannon has for years been of this ruling council, but not always at heart with it. His fancy runs to the younger and more vigorous chaps. He will show that when he

of the uncompromising Republican majority of one. If Cannon does not put Dalzell and Grosvenor back he will at once declare his policy. If he does, he may have the committee enlarged to include some of his younger allies. In any event, the Democrats on the committee will be mere ornaments.

New York City furnishes the most interesting of the new members. They are William Randolph Hearst, the newspaper owner, who is an avowed candidate for the Democratic nomination for President, and Timothy D. Sullivan of Tammany Hall. Hearst is going to Congress because he thinks it will help his Presidential boom, which is being exploited vigorously in all parts of the country, and Sullivan, because he is tired of being a State Senator at Albany and seeks new fields to conquer. It will be interesting to see what Speaker Cannon will do to these new statesmen. There are always vacancies on the committees for Disposition of Waste Paper and Acoustics and Ventilation, and Uncle Joe is somewhat of a joker himself.

#### TRYING TO CLIMB MOUNT MCKINLEY

THE failure of the expedition under Dr. F. A. Cook and Robert Dunn to reach the summit of Mount McKinley, Alaska, 20,300 feet (United States Geological Survey), can not but add impetus to sub-Arctic alpinism.

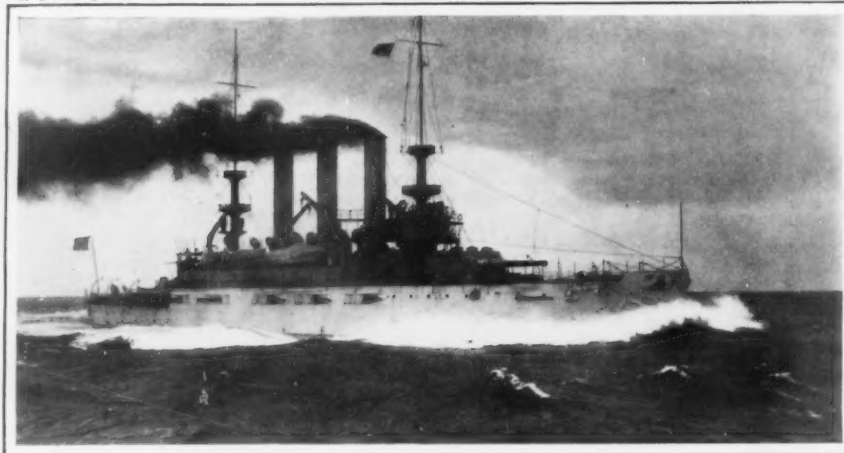
Theirs was the first attempt. Mount St. Elias, more than two thousand feet lower than McKinley, was unsuccessfully attacked seven times before the Duke of Abruzzi gained its summit. In Alaska, as in no other part of the world, the most serious difficulties both in alpinism and sledge travel combine to repel the explorer. Mount St. Elias rises abruptly 18,000 feet from the Pacific Ocean across sixty miles of solid ice; Mount McKinley from a plain scarce two thousand five hundred feet in altitude, compelling the climber, between actual base of attack and summit, to attempt a perpendicular height heretofore untried.

Many persons, especially on the Pacific Coast, believe Mount McKinley can not be scaled. Experts, however, declare that trained Swiss or Italian guides should be tried

on the peak before reaching any such conclusion. This is objected to on two grounds: First, that owing to the peculiar nature of the European guide—he is a partial failure in the Canadian Rockies, where he keeps losing himself in the woods—it would be impossible for him to endure the six weeks' travel with pack-horses, across the trackless tundra and forests of Western Alaska, required to reach the foot of the mountain; second, owing to a feeling especially prevalent in the West, that Americans alone should reach the summit of the highest mountain on the continent.

The Cook party, after two attempts, were checked

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THE BATTLESHIP "MISSOURI" BREAKING THE WORLD'S RECORD

This latest addition to the Navy's heavy sea-fighters obtained a speed of 18.22 knots an hour on her official trial over the Cape Ann Course, October 20, thus surpassing all previous performances of vessels of her class

appoints Hemenway of Indiana to the chairmanship of the Committee on Appropriations, the powerful place held by Cannon himself for several years.

Tawney of Minnesota, Sherman of New York, Overstreet of Indiana, are the types of men Cannon deals with in his politics. They are fighters. The Speaker-ship will place Cannon on the dominating Committee on Rules, that little body of men that controls absolutely the work of the House. Dalzell and Grosvenor, with the Speaker, were on that committee, which has recently consisted of three Republicans and two Democrats, there by courtesy and with no functions in face



by a perpendicular wall more than five thousand feet high. Then they completely circled the mountain, seeing no other point of attack more promising. Future attempts will be made by much the same route, since the southern and eastern flanks of the mountain lie across forty miles of snow peaks and ice, in which there is not a drop of water nor the least sign of vegetation; while on the north and west, only one range of ten-thousand-foot peaks separates the main mountain from the valleys of the Yukon and Tanana Rivers. Glaciation has probably wrought more havoc among the mountains of Alaska than anywhere else in the world. No glacial period has poured its levelling ice over their flanks, as in Switzerland, nor are the glaciers of recent growth; the immense ice-rivers of Alaska have in almost historic times simply receded slightly in their beds, leaving perpendicular walls on all sides.

#### SIGNALLING UNDER WATER

THE cause of three-fourths of the shipwrecks and loss of life at sea seems about to be removed. It is not a wire or even the air, but the water this time that is used to transmit sound vibrations. For some weeks there has been installed on the steamers of the Metropolitan Company of Boston an apparatus which may yet make it possible for the vessel beating about the coast in a storm to know where the rocks and shoals are when the fog will not permit the light to be seen and the noise of the wind drowns the sound of the bell-buoy or the siren; for a battleship to know of the approach of a submarine and a fishing-smack of the approach of a liner off the Banks of Newfoundland.

The apparatus is extremely simple. It amounts to nothing more or less than ringing a bell under water, which the pilot or captain can hear telephonically. Screwed on both sides of the vessel's hull are two receivers, which are connected by wires with the wheel-house. These receive the vibrations from the bell hanging in the water on the side of the lightship. The navigator has only to put the ear-piece to his ear and ascertain on which side the vibrations are the louder, in order to know the direction of the lighthouse and his own position in the fog with comparative accuracy.

For fishing vessels a ball receiver has been provided, and this is used also to get more delicate intonations aboard a steel vessel. The value of the apparatus was put to a good test recently when the steamer *James S. Whitney* was approaching the Boston lightship on her return from New York. The lighthouse was obscured by rain and fog. Thanks to the signal apparatus, the captain immediately heard the submarine bell and got his direction. It was not until five minutes after that he heard the lightship's whistle for the first time.

#### HORSE—OR WIND SHIELD?

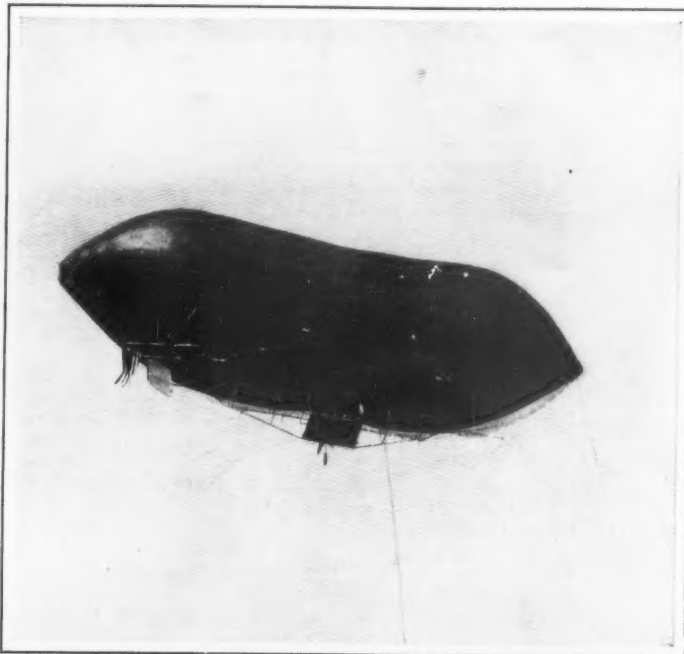
IS ANY of the increased speed of the trotters and pacers due to the horse? Most of it is undoubtedly due to the new wind shield. But a record is a record, horsemen say. The mile record for harness racing has been repeatedly cut to the two-minute mark or lower during the present season.

Five horses have performed this feat—three trotters and two pacers. Dan Patch, pacer, made 1:50 on August 19; Lou Dillon, trotter, reached the two-minute record on August 24, which record was later tied by Major Delmar; on September 23, Prince Alert, pacer, scored 1:57; on October 16, Dan Patch made 1:59½; on October 19, Cresceus, trotter, laid claim to a record of 1:59¾; Dan Patch has won the right to be hailed as the fastest harness racer in the world by pacing a mile in 1:56¾, at Memphis; and finally Lou Dillon regained the trotting crown by going in 1:58½ on October 24.

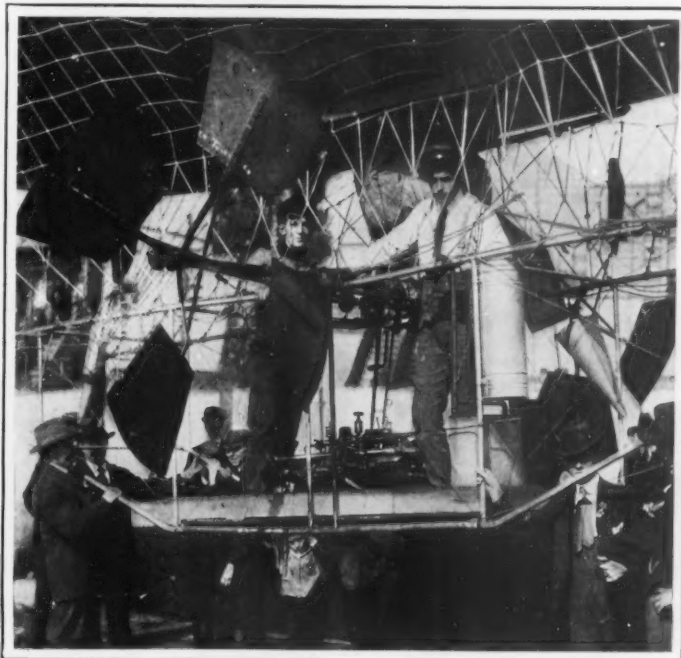
This makes the season of 1903 unexampled in the history of racing. Only once before has a two-minute horse appeared. That was in 1897, when Star Pointer

paced a mile in 1:59¾. The record which stood for six years has been met once and beaten four times in this single season. No horse ever trotted a mile in two minutes before. The best previous record was that of Cresceus, 2:02¼, made in 1901.

The year before The Abbot made 2:03¼. It took six years to beat the best record before that, which was 2:03¼, made by Alix in 1894. The record of the great Maud S., 2:08¼, stood for six years; those of Dexter and Goldsmith Maid for four years each, and it took eight years to lower the mark set by the famous



Starting on a two-hour trial trip



The Car and the Motor

#### AN AMERICAN AIRSHIP

Dr. August Greth of San Francisco has perfected an airship with which he made a successful test on October 18. The machine soared above the city for two hours, performing evolutions and remaining under perfect control of the operator

Flora Temple. That was 2:19¾, and it was made forty-four years ago. It has taken sixty-five years to lower the pacing record from 2:28, made by Drover, to Dan Patch's 1:56¾.

#### WHERE CARNIVALS SUCCEED

CARNIVALS and "gala weeks" are at hand in the South. Perhaps a half-dozen Northern towns of any size have attempted something of the same nature in the course of the year, but scarcely with success. St. Paul lost \$8,000 last summer in a carnival. Another city wished it had never tried to have one, when the people got to throwing lampblack and red pepper on the night of merrymaking.

Not long ago a woman whose services were in great demand in the North in planning and carrying out celebrations of one sort or another was asked to help the carnival committee at a city in one of the Carolinas.

"I don't know what use I was," she said, when the event was over. "In the North, if I hadn't told the people what to do they wouldn't have done anything at all, while here, you have ten times as many good ideas as I have."

Why this difference? Southerners are fond of saying that they can carry through successfully and spontaneously a celebration which in the North is either perfunctory or unseemly, because their merry-making is not tainted by an effort at money-making at the same time, and because of the absence in the cities of any class of foreign "roughs," who would discourage the "best people" from taking part.

The fact remains, however, that the South holds its festivities at this season chiefly in order that the country people may have a chance to spend their "cotton money," and that a good share of the foreigners come from lands which are the home of the carnival. Most likely the climate is responsible for its success in the South.

#### THE KAISER FOR LENIENCY

THE Emperor remarked to his new Minister of Finance, Baron von Stengel, in audience this week, that Germany was in health again. This phrase is apt, for Germany commercially is in health again, or so far convalescent from a two years' lassitude as to have recovered a temperate confidence. The quarter ended brings returns of increasing business at home and new ventures abroad. The renewal in closer form of the great steel and coal syndicates is a preparation for sharper competition with other countries—and there are nearly a million more souls in this tight empire to join in this competition than a twelve-month ago.

Politically, the empire's health gives rather more concern than usual to the administrators that advise the crown. There are the murmurings against the discipline in the army, excited daily by recitals of brutality in the newspapers made possible by the new law of public courts-martial. In a country where everybody has been in the army or has kinspeople in it, narratives brought out under oath of floggings and torments driving the subjects to insanity and suicide, cause distressing anxiety.

#### Making a Socialist

The astonishing thing is that men endure such illegalities, and that they do endure them months at a time without protest shows the patience, even the servility, of the common people toward their masters. The Emperor is putting a stop to these things, both because they are wrong and because the private learns to loathe the army. When he leaves the colors he drops a Socialist ballot into the voting-box.

Ministerial calculations are more and more disturbed by the Socialists, avowed republicans who combine every form of protest. They are against the State Church, against the army, against the navy, against protection, against colonization, and naturally against all employers. The Cabinet expects to meet a heightened ferocity of opposition in the next Reichstag, and will probably introduce few controversial measures. The outsider sees in the party of protest a wholesome counterweight to reactionary tendencies, but in Government quarters the party is feared, or, if not feared, the effect of a proposal is always studied in relation to the Social Democrats.

The conservative hope is that the disputes among themselves over what should be the party's aims will absorb the leader's energy. But Bebel, calm, penetrated by a kind of holy zeal, with the mental equipment of a philosopher and every art of the politician,



ADMIRAL ALEXIEFF

Commander-in-chief of the Russian naval forces in the Orient

holds down the dissidents in his own party and stands over against the Government menacing and irreconcilable.—*From our Correspondent, Berlin, October 20.*

#### THE SUBWAY'S TOLL IN LIVES

A HUGE mass of rock—three hundred tons or more—dropped without warning from the unfinished roof of the New York Rapid Transit Tunnel recently, and the lives of ten men were snuffed out. In almost the same place two years ago a similar accident happened with almost as fearful a result. That part of the tunnel runs far underground; there are donkeys and tramcars there, and the steady throb of water-pumps. The rock is a treacherous schist—"bastard granite" the men call it. The cleavage is almost vertical, and an excess of rain or some other simple cause will drop a huge slice of it as neatly and as quickly as you would let fall one card from a pack.

In the Park Avenue section of the subway in 1901, an accidental explosion of dynamite killed five persons, injured, more or less, hundreds of others, and destroyed several hundred thousands of dollars' worth of property. A few blocks away the roof of the tunnel caved in one day and the front walls of a whole block of brown-stone houses crashed after it. The tunnel company was finally compelled to buy up the damaged block for about a million dollars. In the same section, Major Ira Shaler, the ill-starred contractor, who was held responsible for the accident, was himself killed by a similar fall of rock.

These spectacular tragedies are part of the price which must be paid for the completion of any such feat of engineering through the very heart of a crowded city. Almost every day a few lines of newspaper type chronicle a mishap in some part of the long length of the subway. If every case of "fractured skull" or "internal injuries" were run down to the hospital bed, where some Italian laborer dies, unidentified, perhaps, and unknown, the list would be one that would seem to the casual hearer to be appalling. It probably would run well up into the hundreds.

#### IBSEN AND MARCONI GET PRIZES

THE prizes to be awarded this year by the Nobel Foundation for notable achievements in physics and medicine will go to Guglielmo Marconi, the inventor of wireless telegraphy, and to Dr. Niels R. Finsen of Copenhagen, whose method of treatment with concentrated rays of violet, or chemical, light has proved a remedy for lupus and other skin diseases heretofore regarded as incurable. The literary prize is to be divided between Henrik Ibsen and Björnsterne Björnsen, lifelong rivals.

The public attitude toward the Nobel Foundation has changed considerably since the will of the Swedish engineer and philanthropist, Alfred Bernhard Nobel, first was made known in 1896. He had bequeathed several of the millions derived from the invention of dynamite to the establishment of a fund, the interest of which

was to be distributed as prizes to great men who had rendered services of more than ordinary value to mankind. The wisdom of the idea was doubted by many. All the sceptics may not have been converted, but interest in the awards has become universal.

Three of the prizes, of which there are five in all, amounting to about \$40,000 each, are to be given for the most important discoveries in physics, chemistry, and physiology or medicine. A fourth one is to reward the most distinguished literary work of idealistic tendency. Three academical bodies at Stockholm are intrusted with the task of choosing the recipients from nominations made by similar bodies all over the world.

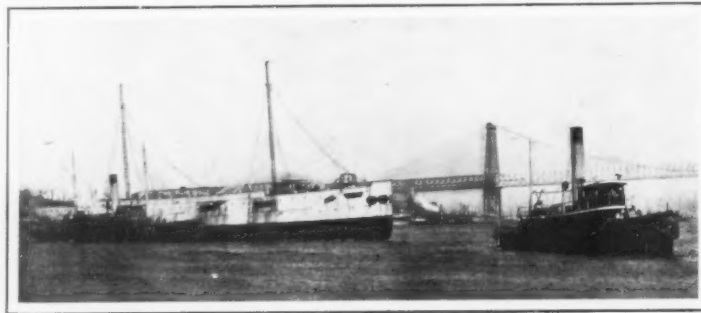
The first award of prizes was made in 1901. Then, as well as in the following year, one of the prizes was divided in two. Among the twelve men selected as recipients of the honor and the more substantial benefits of a prize there were five Germans, two Frenchmen, two Hollanders, one Englishman, one Russian, and one Swiss. This year the choice has fallen on two Norwegians, a Dane, and an Italian. No American has been mentioned so far.

#### RETRENCHMENT THE RULE

THE trusts have been in all far worse sinners than the unions. The trusts expanded inordinately in both capital and the demand for labor. Both have collapsed. The Harvester Combine is about to discharge five thousand men, and the Acme Harvester Company, one of the biggest in the country, has failed. The Lake Superior ore mines are cutting down labor one-half. The Steel Trust continues retrenchment. Freight shrinking, the Pennsylvania Railroad shuts down \$10,000,000 of improvement. By January, any one will be able to run over a list of sidetracked railroad betterments which will tally a round \$100,000,000.

The Amalgamated Copper Trust is loaded with heavy copper stocks, accumulated in pegging up the price of Lake Copper, and it has made an adverse judicial decision on a single mine an excuse for shutting down all its mines and throwing fifteen thousand men out of work. Such things are always compromised and adjusted, but unless all was shrinking, such a shutdown would never have occurred. Judge Clancy's decision in favor of John McGinnis's suit to protect his property and the injunction against the Amalgamated is only one step in a long struggle, which has brought at Butte one trust and one union face to face, amicably keeping up miners' wages and copper quotations at the same time.

The attempt has failed. It is bound to fail every-

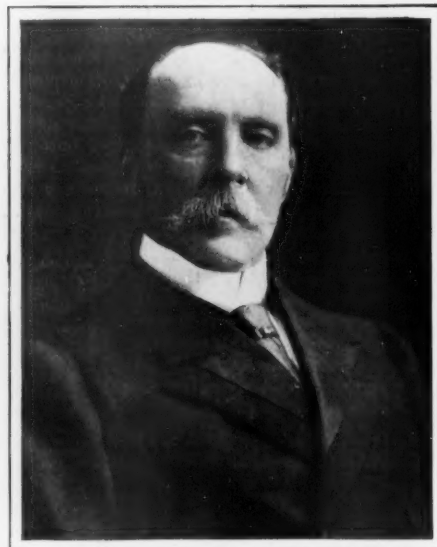


CAPTURE OF THE U.S.S. "CHATTANOOGA"

A fleet of government tugs swooped down upon the Crescent Shipyards at Elizabethport, N. J., in the early morning of October 22, and towed away to the Brooklyn Navy Yard the unfinished cruiser "Chattanooga," which had been seized by the sheriff and was being held for the builders' creditors

where, but the difference is that when the miners make a mistake they lose, but when the trust makes a mistake the public loses. The various collapses of trusts and other risky attempts to discount the future closed, as a beginning, two trust companies in Baltimore (Maryland and Union) and two banks in Pittsburg (First National and Federal). One of these banks was an attempt to organize a "chain" or trust in a series of country banks. It collapsed as the other attempts toward partial monopoly have. Pittsburg, more than any other centre, is affected by the monopoly expansion of iron and steel capitalization. There, the Amalgamated Association of Iron, Steel and Tin Workers and the Steel Trust divide the field.

The Federation of Labor comes to its annual meeting at Boston, therefore, with the entire round of the industries it represents affected. Railroads, iron and steel, iron ore, copper, anthracite, Western mines, agricultural implements, building trades, carpenters, lumber—all show shutdowns. In all, the demand for labor is decreasing. Pennsylvania Railroad trainmen, New York Elevated motormen, and others, are in conference with the managements, but these things are small



SIR HENRY MORTIMER DURAND, K.C.M.G.

Newly appointed British Ambassador to the United States

beside the great movement in the ebb of industry, an ebb due to the extravagant high tide of trusts.

When lack of work has spread, the fact will be plain that the unregulated organization of industry by trusts can not continue. First trusts expand, then labor, naturally aroused by the spectacle of vast paper profits, strikes, dislocating industry, and after a year and a half of strikes, beginning with anthracite, men are thrown out of work by tens of thousands, in the reaction from the unregulated action of great combinations of capital and labor. A single trust like Amalgamated Copper deadlocks a State. Should it?

#### YELLOW FEVER FROM MEXICO

THE principal feature of interest in the yellow fever epidemic now receiving the attention of the South lies in the fact that the disease made its entry into the United States from a new and unexpected direction—Mexico. There has been not even a suggestion of the disease in the country contiguous to the Gulf of Mexico since 1898, when there was a slight outbreak of what some of the experts termed genuine yellow fever, but which others asserted was only dengue fever. This followed the more disastrous epidemic of 1897, when there were a very few deaths, but when business concerns and individuals suffered the loss of hundreds of thousands of dollars as a result of the stringent quarantines which prevented the operation of practically all trains.

Prior to that there had been no serious yellow fever scare for over twenty years. The present epidemic has been confined to Mexican points, chief among which is Monterey, and to Laredo, Tex., where there have been four hundred and thirty-six cases of the disease and thirty-two deaths. The physicians in charge are proceeding on the mosquito hypothesis, and are using crude petroleum from the Texas fields to destroy the pest which is thought to be principally responsible for the spread of the disease. Cold weather, which will put an end to the developing of new cases and at the same time probably cause the death of many of those who are ill, will soon be at hand.

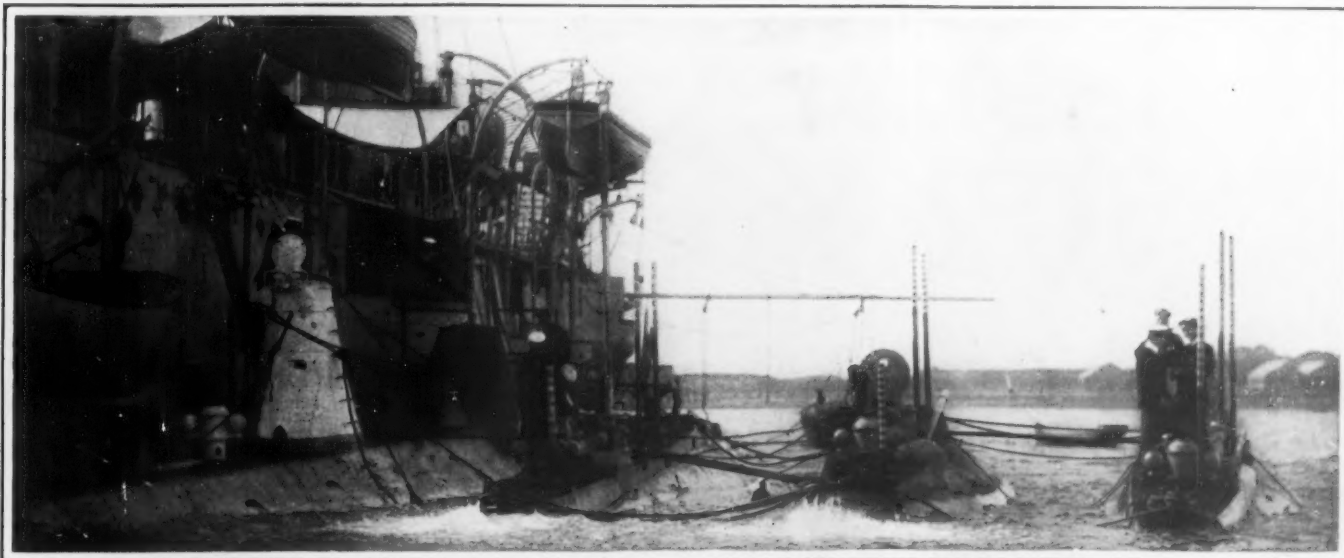
#### SOME FACTS FROM CUBA

AFTER eighteen months of power the Palma Government is weaker politically and stronger financially than had been expected. Palma has worked incessantly on the difficult task of pleasing all factions, but his cake has been too small to go around.

His hardest problem is paying the Army of Liberation. A bill appropriating \$35,000,000 for this purpose was passed last February. A committee of Cuban financiers went to New York to negotiate the loan, thinking also to visit Europe. They were so completely discouraged in New York that they went no further. Meanwhile the veterans have become more restless.

Palma hopes to put through the loan, but his popular support is weak, because the bill carries a special tax on articles not now taxed, notably liquors and to-





Various types of the British Navy's submarine boats undergoing steaming trials alongside H.M.S. "Thames"



Speed trial of Submarine No. 3.—Putting out of Spithead into the open sea

## GREAT BRITAIN'S SUBMARINE TORPEDO-BOAT FLOTILLA

bacco. The Cubans now pay, in licenses or industrial taxes, \$1,369,465.20 a year and say they can not prosper and pay the additional \$2,499,508.84 the special taxes will demand. This protest, the failure of the loan, and the clamor of the veterans make the situation exceedingly difficult for the President.

So far as the treasury is concerned, there is an excellent showing. The revenues of the latest budget amount to \$18,813,508.84, including the two millions to be raised by the special taxes, and the expenditures to \$14,899,967.72, leaving a net balance of \$3,913,541.12.

The \$635,170.29 in cash left in the treasury by General Wood when he turned over the Government to President Palma has grown to \$4,000,000, and this profit has accrued while the work of sanitation, public improvement, and other governmental enterprises have been carried on.

Prophets of disaster abound in Cuba. They have predicted outbreaks and local disturbances for the past year, but there have been none of consequence. The most serious feature of the situation has been the timidity of the banks and the local capitalists. It has been almost impossible to secure commercial accommodation, although the banks are all healthy and the deposits large. Money ordinarily put out in business channels is lying idle.

The island is patiently waiting for the action of our Congress, assembling on November 9, which is to consider reciprocity. Since 1899 an excess of \$21,715,800 of imports over exports has been changed to an excess of \$12,000,000 of exports over imports in the fiscal year ending on June 30 last. The Cuban Government points to these figures as an example of how much more the country might have done had the United States given her reciprocity when General Wood turned over the island, instead of waiting until the present time.

Cuba's greatest triumph is in sanitation. Not one case of yellow fever has originated in the island in two years. The people are clean and healthy. When business conditions settle and reciprocity is granted by the United States, it is expected by all the leading men in the island that a permanent prosperity will begin that will bring to Cuba the rewards in keeping with her marvellous fertility.

## PRIMA DONNAS OF THE BATON

THE "prima donnas of the baton" are comparatively new figures in our musical life. They are the orchestral and operatic conductors who have become as important as the most gifted singers; and they are almost as scarce as this small group of the stars. The five conductors most famous in Europe will come this year to the United States, and all but one of them will serve as directors at concerts of the Philharmonic Society of New York, with the view to permanent selec-

tion for that post. The orchestra will then travel through the country with its new conductor.

The man who is not a candidate for this election is probably the most famous of all the visitors. This is Felix Mottl, who comes to the Metropolitan Opera House. He is high in favor at Bayreuth, where he was first active under Richard Wagner. To-day he exemplifies in the highest degree Mme. Cosima's theories on conducting the Wagner operas, which are not at all the opinions held by her husband. Herr Mottl is deliberate and undemonstrative at the desk, cynical, and self-contained in expression as he views the world through his gold-rimmed glasses. He has been for years at Karlsruhe, but won his international recognition at Bayreuth and in all the European capitals.

Richard Strauss, dreamy and poetic in appearance, with curly blond hair falling away from his high brow, so famed as the greatest composer of his day that his renown as a mere conductor seems overshadowed; Felix Weingartner, who with his smooth-shaven

face and long upper-lip might be an actor or a priest, and is young to have climbed in any profession so high as he is to-day; Edouard Colonne, deferential to classic traditions, academic, and accentuating slightly the emotional moments of his work; Henry Wood, an Englishman who rules the musical field in London and is as great an ethnical rarity as Colonne, the first conductor of importance to come here from France; Gustav Kogel, who acquired his deserved renown through his association with Hans von Bülow and Wasili Safonoff, a Russian recognized in Germany and his own country as a puissant interpreter of Russian music—these are the men from whom a future conductor is to be selected, and the musical interests of the country will be richer from the permanent residence of any one of them here.



## STRANGE ACCIDENT AT PORTSMOUTH, VIRGINIA

The last car of a train backing over a bridge across the Elizabeth River jumped the track and was pushed into the position here shown, resting upon a beam only eleven inches wide



ROSE COGHLAN AS PENELOPE IN "ULYSSES"



MAXINE ELLIOTT PRESIDING AT THE BIRTHDAY PARTY IN THE FIRST ACT OF CLYDE FITCH'S "HER OWN WAY"



CHARLES HAWTREY AND ALICE DE WINTON IN "THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S"



THE WIDOW PIPER'S CHILDREN IN "BABES IN TOYLAND"



KYRLE BELLEW IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF E. W. HORNUNG'S STORIES OF "RAFFLES"



THE WOODEN SOLDIER AND THE DUTCH DOLL

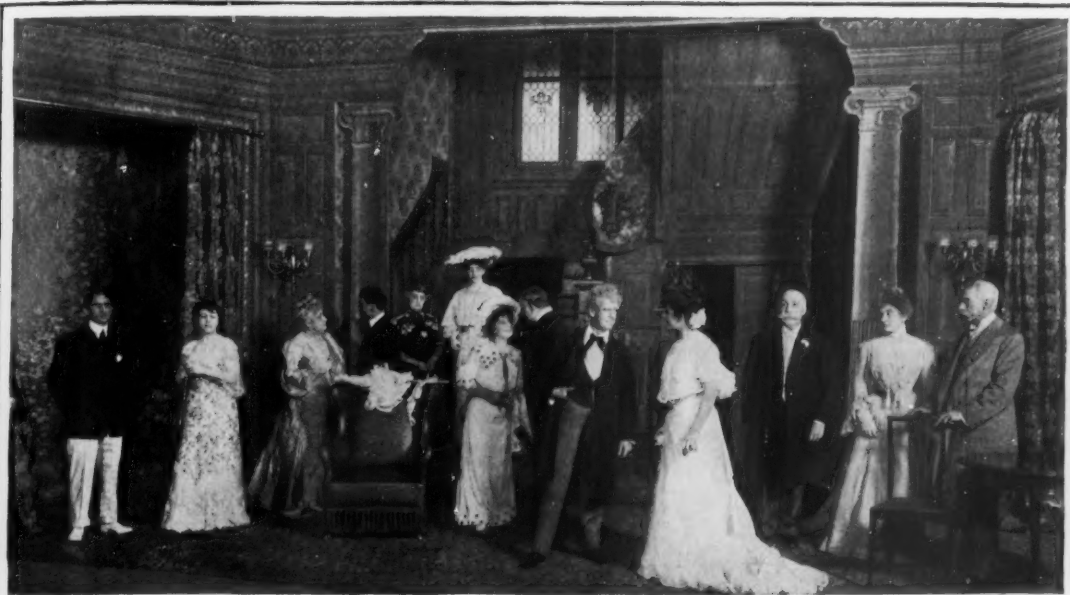
## SCENES FROM THE SE

(See Page 19)





WAY"



WILLIAM H. CRANE IN THE DRAMATIZATION OF H. L. WILSON'S NOVEL "THE SPENDERS"



ETHEL BARRYMORE IN "COUSIN KATE"



BABES IN TOYLAND" SINGING "I CAN'T DO THIS SUM"



THE THREE LITTLE MAIDS IN THE MUSICAL COMEDY OF THAT NAME



AND THE DUTCH DOLL IN "BABES IN TOYLAND"



CORONA RICCARDO (ON THE EXTREME RIGHT) IN ANGEL GUIMERA'S DRAMA OF SPANISH PEASANT LIFE, "MARTA OF THE LOWLANDS"

# THE SEASON'S NEW PLAYS

(See Page 19)

PRINT IN BINDING

# THE SCOOP OF THE SESSION

A GLANCE BEHIND THE SCENES OF PRACTICAL POLITICS

By GEORGE BARTON

ILLUSTRATED BY JOHN WOLCOTT ADAMS

**S**PARKS strode up and down the corridor of the hotel. An ugly frown was on his brow, and his teeth clinched angrily the end of an unlighted cigar—a strange performance for Sparks. He was the most self-possessed newspaper correspondent in the State. When he was sent to report the proceedings of the Legislature, he rather welcomed the assignment as a pleasing change of routine, promising no hardship other than much driving of his indefatigable stub pen. It was the mood of the veteran, trained to his trade, artful in its shifts and parries, confident of his prowess, proud of his paper, and satisfied with his world. He had arrived at the stage where a man has little more to gain and has a reputation to lose.

Ten minutes earlier, Starman, of the "Sentinel," smiled at him. If Starman had smiled in his usual, nonchalant lip-curves, Sparks would have put the flame to his cigar and gone on, cheerfully narcotic. But Starman's smile was just a trifle wiredrawn, with the upper lip set straight and a twist of mockery in the corners of his mouth. The blaze of the match died; the end of the cigar cracked faintly as the square jaws set; and Sparks, the "Avalanche" man—startled, annoyed, smelling battle—began to think it out.

Instinct—the fine perfection of his years of observation—carried him, as if a guiding hand were at his elbow, back to the hotel, where many destinies converge. But it was not until he began his swift patrol that he realized he was there, on *qui vive*, expectant of some one to question.

"A scoop!" Not altogether commonplace was Sparks. Words lived, for him, when his blood was up. As the hackneyed phrase slipped from his mind to his tongue's tip, he saw, in a picturing flash, Starman shovelling him and all his colleagues ignominiously into the limbo of the beaten. He grinned in pained appreciation, then squared his shoulders, and proudly raised his head. Wasn't he, after all, Sparks, the "Avalanche" man?

Bob Trailer, of the "Post," as he entered the hotel, was the one who caught the fighting gleam of the veteran's eye.

"Hello, Sparks!" said Trailer mournfully.

"Hello yourself! What makes you so sad?"

"Wouldn't you be sad," was the retort, "if you had been beaten three times in a week?"

Sparks took his cigar out of his mouth long enough to emit a whistle as he looked, reflectively, into space; then, abruptly: "See here, Trailer; you've got to redeem yourself, or the 'Post' will need a new Legislature man. I'm willing to help you. The 'Post' is in the extreme western part of the State and the 'Avalanche' is in the extreme east. There is no reason in the world why we can't work together—in this instance, anyhow."

Trailer grasped at the suggestion with undisguised eagerness.

"What is it?" he asked. "I'll do anything you say."

"It's this," replied Sparks. "I have a tip that Starman is working up a big story. Now we have got to

get that story—do you understand? We have got to get it."

"Starman is a good fellow," replied Trailer irrelevantly.

"Of course he's a good fellow," said Sparks testily. "I suppose he has a wife and family. Maybe he has a doting mother. Lord! He may even have a grandmother. I've seen men who were born that way. But he is trying to beat you, and he is trying to beat me. We have simply got to turn the tables and beat him."

"Certainly, certainly," assented Trailer. "Want me to go up to the Capitol; nose around, and report to you later?"

"Precisely," replied Sparks.

Sparks gazed after him with a pessimistic eye.

"And a managing editor sent him to the capital of this State! Poor devil—six months on local politics, and then chucked into the pit among the pick of the kennels." And he walked the corridor again, on the hopeless chance of an early statesman, until the return of his ally. "Well," he called, "is it straight?"

"Straight as a string," was the reply. "He's got a giant story, and he's got it all alone."

"How do you know?"

"By putting two and two together. I saw Starman in the Capitol. He went into Senator Goode's room with Goode's stenographer. He stayed there half an hour and came out, smiling, with a package as thick as your arm."

Sparks resumed his walk up and down the corridor. "What can you make of it?" queried the other, "and what do you think we ought to do?"

"Trailer, my boy," he said, putting his hand familiarly on the young fellow's shoulder, "two things are clear to my mind. First, Senator Goode is going to spring a resolution—or a bill—on the Senate that will be the talk of the State. If he hadn't entered politics he would have gone on the stage. Goode always plays to the galleries. Secondly, this bill or resolution will be an anti-administration measure—something that will appeal to the public, and at the same time have a tendency to discredit the Governor and his friends. The 'Sentinel' is insurgent, and Starman represents it. He has been called in as an adviser and to prepare a whooping, big, exclusive story for his paper. Do you follow my line of reasoning?"

"Blind Tom could understand it."

"Just so," remarked Sparks, in satisfaction. "And now the question is, How are we to get that story?"

"Go to Goode and ask him for it," said Trailer boldly.

"What! My boy, when you have been in the newspaper business awhile, you will work on the principle that the world is against you. On the one side is your employer, on the other your public. If you make a hit you are a hero; if you fail, you might as well be dead. But remember one thing; never go to your competitor or his friends for assistance."

"Well, what are you going to do?" asked Trailer, a little impatiently.

"Try a little strategy," was the reply.

The two men left the hotel and entered the park at the foot of the hill leading to the Capitol. They nodded and spoke familiarly to Senators, Representatives, department clerks, fellow correspondents, and Capitol employees, who were now going and coming in the neighborhood of the State House. Just as they entered the rotunda of the Capitol, Sparks saw Senator Goode. He gave Trailer a significant look and, rushing over, called out: "Good-morning, Senator!"

"Good-morning," was the reply.

"Senator, when are you going to introduce that bill of yours?"

"On Thursday," replied the Senator absently.

"What does it provide for?" queried Sparks, with the tenderness of a lawyer who is coaching a friendly witness.

"Two per cent," replied the Senator, who was evidently thinking of something else.

"Isn't that high?"

"Nearly all of the big States are paying that on their deposits."

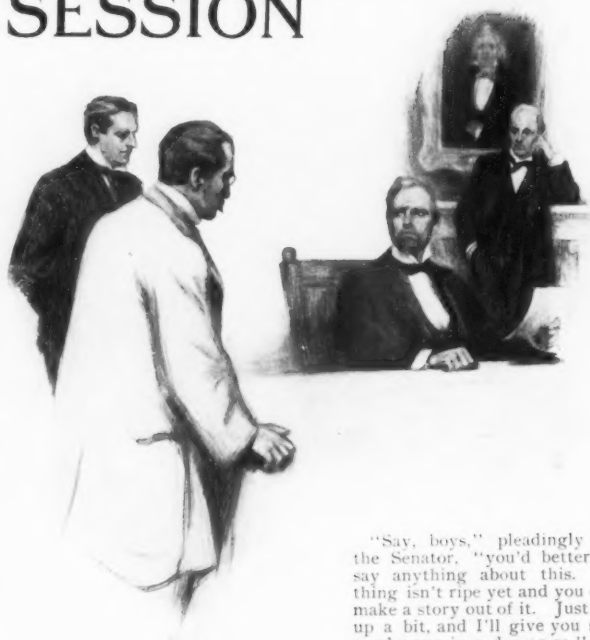
"I will be very much obliged," said Sparks, "if you will give me a copy of the bill."

There was a long silence. The Senator looked at Sparks fixedly, with the air of a man who was coming out of a trance. Then he said angrily: "Who said anything about a bill?"

"You did," retorted Sparks, with stern promptness.

"I don't think I did," was the rejoinder in uncertain tones; then, with more energy: "You can't have it anyhow."

"But," said Trailer, injecting himself into the conversation, "you are a public man, and this is a matter of public interest."



THE GOVERNOR SAT AT HIS DESK

"Say, boys," pleadingly said the Senator, "you'd better not say anything about this. The thing isn't ripe yet and you can't make a story out of it. Just hold up a bit, and I'll give you some good news in a day or so."

"What do you think?" asked Trailer, turning inquiringly to Sparks, as the Senator left them.

"Think! Why, I think we are on the inside of a good story. Goode promised Starman that he wouldn't give it to any other papers. That's why he shut up so abruptly."

"Do you think he will introduce the bill on Thursday?"

"Sure as fate. And that very morning Starman will have a three-column display in the 'Sentinel,' giving a synopsis of the bill. There will be a big picture of Goode, an interview with him, and an editorial holding up Goode as the salvation of the State."

"It's too bad that we can't get a copy of the bill, and the reports from the other States."

"We don't want them," said Sparks with emphasis.

"Don't want them?"

"No. It's Tuesday now. When Thursday comes, Goode's bill and his data will be food for the waste-baskets. I'm going to send a wire. Come along."

The message that went flashing hundreds of miles in its course, read:

"HON. DAVID B. HILL, Albany, New York:

"Does your State pay interest on State deposits? If so, how much per cent? Does the plan work well? Desire this information for use in framing a bill."

"RALPH SPARKS, Senate Chamber."

Sparks had a Statesman's Manual, from which he was able to obtain the names and addresses of the Governors of all the States. He selected forty of the most important. To twenty he sent a telegram similar to the one sent to the Governor of New York. The other twenty were allotted to Trailer, who signed his name and gave his address as "House of Representatives."

One hour later a messenger-boy pounded at the door of Sparks's room, where he and Trailer were in anxious discussion.

"Telegram for you, sir," he said to Sparks. "It was addressed to the Senate, but I brought it right here."

"It's from the Governor of Texas," said Sparks. "He gives all the information. Why, there must be two hundred words. That is a very respectable Governor."

A second glance at the despatch, and his face was overspread with a profound gloom.

"What's the matter?" queried Trailer.

"It's charged!" retorted Sparks. "And the charges are \$10.85. The office will never stand for that."

"Oh, never!" echoed Trailer, with due solemnity.

"Trailer," observed the older man, very quietly, "how would you like to lose your position?"

"Do you believe—?"

"I believe just this: I have known metropolitan dailies that would spend \$7,000 for the cable tolls on a single despatch. But the 'Avalanche' is not published in New York. A bill of \$2,000 to my managing editor means my discharge. Do you understand? It means that Ralph A. Sparks will be the laughing-stock of every newspaper man in the State. It means everything for me—and for you. We are pledged to accept \$4,000 worth of telegraph tolls. Now think quick."

Trailer sprang up.

"Wait here!" he cried. "I'll be back in ten minutes."

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to do my share."

"If you succeed," Sparks told him, "I'll get you the scoop of the session."

The local manager of the telegraph company glanced inquiringly at the face of a young man who had entered the office with the bearing of an avenging angel, and he froze into his safeguard of official dignity.

"Well, sir?"

"Well, nothing!" exclaimed Trailer. "What the blazes do you expect to do, charging us regular rates for these telegrams? What do you take us for? Do you imagine we're stockholders in the Standard Oil Company?"

"I'm charging you the same as we do everybody else."

"But that's just what I don't want you to do."

"What do you want?"



STARMAN'S SMILE WAS JUST A TRIFLE WIREDRAWN

STARMAN'S SMILE WAS JUST A TRIFLE WIREDRAWN



"I want newspaper rates."

"But this is not newspaper business."

"Yes it is!" cried Trailer hotly—"or it will be soon."

"Oh, all right," remarked the manager, relenting.

"I'll make it newspaper rates—only a cent a word."

"That's not enough," said Trailer doggedly. "I want night rates."

"What!" shouted the manager, looking at Trailer in huge wrath. "Night rates for day telegrams?"

"Certainly. We give you barrels of business, don't we?"

"Yes, but—"

"No buts now!" ejaculated Trailer. "We are here in the interest of our papers; you are here in the interest of your company. You know no other two papers send as much stuff over your wires as the 'Post' and the 'Avalanche.' You want to keep our business and—"

"That will do," laughed the manager, throwing both hands in the air. "It's a hold-up. I surrender."

Trailer hurried back to the room and informed Sparks of his success. There were congratulations.

"Now," said Sparks, "comes the hardest part of the job. We must get some one to vouch for this story."

"Don't you intend to put it on Goode?"

"The pins will be knocked from under Goode. He won't know his name in the morning."

"What do you propose?"

"I propose to go straight to headquarters."

"Meaning—?"

"Meaning the Governor's office; come along!"

Sparks, with his usual directness, started at once for the Governor's office. The Governor sat at his desk talking to a tall man who was standing near, leaning with one arm on the executive mantelpiece. The Governor was big, hearty, bluff, and farmer-like. His enemies said his face was his fortune, his constituents believed in both face and fortunes. The tall man, with the more refined appearance, was Senator Sommer, the Administration leader in the Legislature.

"Howdy, Sparks?" remarked the Governor, extending his big hand with genuine heartiness.

Sparks looked around cautiously, with the air of a man with a secret to impart. But he saw nothing except the grave, stiff portraits of former Governors, who looked down upon the scene with the stupidity of all official portraits.

"What's the matter, Sparks; have you got a clew?"

And the Governor laughed at his little joke with the fond paternity of officialdom.

"Yes," said Sparks, with a solemnity befitting his words. "I have something to tell you—in secret."

"Is it on politics?"

"Yes."

"Tell it right here. You know Senator Sommer. He is one of my best friends. You needn't hesitate to talk."

"He is just the man I require," replied Sparks, glancing significantly at the Senator.

"Well, fire ahead," laughed the Governor, who seemed to be in an unusually jolly humor.

"I am going to give you some great news," said Sparks. "In return, you must do as I say."

"Oh, of course," and the Governor laughed again.

Sparks told the tale.

"And, Governor," he added, "Goode says before he gets through with you he'll make you a division-heeler who will go down on his knees for the luck of a window-book at an election for school director."

"He said that, did he?" demanded the Governor.

"He certainly did," replied Sparks, unblushing in his mendacity.

"How does he figure it out?" asked the Governor, still angry but curious.

"I can't tell you that; but I can give you my theory."

"What's your theory?"

"Simply this. He introduces the bill compelling the banks to pay interest on State deposits. The members generally vote for the bill and regard it as a species of demagogism. But, on the face of it, it means hundreds of thousands of dollars for the State. The members will be afraid to vote against it. The bill comes to you for approval or disapproval. If you sign a bill that comes from the opposition, your political friends will send you to a hades from which there is no resurrection. If you don't sign it, the people will damn you forever."

Every trace of good humor had disappeared from the Governor's fat face. He heaved a painful sigh and ejaculated: "You're right!"

A profound silence fell upon the little group. They were thinking—thinking with that directness which comes to men in public life. A minute passed—two minutes—and still the silence prevailed. Sparks walked over to the window and looked at the birds in the trees of the park. The request he intended to make was between his teeth, but he had too much tact and too much knowledge of human nature to speak yet. Senator Sommer tapped his pantaloons with his walking-stick and looked bored. Trailer played with the end of his cravat, like a man who feels he is an intruder. The Governor sat back in his big chair, his hands in his pockets. His massive head was sunk in his great body, and his eyes were glued on the ceiling. The ticking of the great clock on the mantel could be heard with unnatural distinctness. Thirty seconds more went by, and the Governor, at last, took his hands out of his pockets, stretched both arms over his head, and yawned.

It was a sign that he had come to his resolve. He looked from one to another in the group, and finally fastened his eyes, with bovine intentness, on Senator Sommer. "Sommer," he announced, like a man not to be driven from his position, "you have got to do it."

"Yes!" exclaimed Sparks, as if the silence had been a conversation and he was speaking at its close. "He must do it."

"Do what?" cried Sommer impatiently. "What are you fellows talking about? Is this a pipe dream?"

If the Governor noticed the vulgarity, he paid no attention to it. The vacant look left his eyes, and the suggestion of the old smile began to play about his lips again. "Sommer," he continued, "you must prepare a bill at once, compelling payment of interest on State deposits. Introduce it to-morrow morning as an Administration bill. Pass it immediately. I will sign it before the week is out."

"By gad!" cried the Senator. "That's what I call taking the bull by the horns."

"Yes," laughed the Governor, wholly restored to his normal spirits. "And it's the only way we can handle the animal at this particular juncture."

"I was afraid," he resumed, with a pensive sigh, "that we might be caught in this predicament; so I secured a copy of the Massachusetts law. Here it is," reaching in his desk and handing it to Sommer. "Call my stenographer in and have four copies made."

When the doors of the Executive Chamber were

opened, the Governor had one copy of the bill in his inside pocket. Senator Sommer possessed another, to be sacredly guarded until morning. And Sparks and Trailer had the remaining two copies.

It was ten o'clock that night when the correspondents had their notes in shape for telegraphic purposes, and for two hours the wires were kept hot.

The "Avalanche" and the "Post," in their respective fields, created sensations the next day. But the "Avalanche" filled the whole of its first page with the article. The headlines, in big, black type, proclaimed the fact: "Governor Heads Reform Forces."

The sub-heads told how the bill, which was to be introduced with executive approval, would net the people of the Commonwealth hundreds of thousands of dollars, and prove a blessing to generations yet unborn. The bill was printed in full, with all of its provisions clearly set forth. Around it were statements of twenty-nine Governors, their photographs staring the reader in the face and forming a gorgeous border for the entire page.

The sensation spread over the State. The Governor was commended on all sides, as an honest and far-seeing statesman who deserved re-election. And Sparks and the "Avalanche" were deluged with congratulations for an unprecedented piece of newspaper enterprise.

That morning, Sparks walked up Capitol Hill with his usual jaunty air. He noticed Senator Goode and Starman of the "Sentinel" coming out of the State House. They were engaged in a conversation that was earnest—very earnest. Starman was gesticulating wildly, and the Senator was protesting. When they came up to Sparks, Starman passed by without even saying "good-morning." But the Senator paused. He drew Sparks aside and said in sorrowful tones: "Say, Sparks, I've always been a friend of yours, haven't I?"

"I suppose so," replied Sparks dubiously.

"Then why didn't you tell me the Administration was going to present this bill? You knew. Why didn't you tell me, yesterday, when you were talking to me?"

"Because," replied Sparks, "then I didn't know the Administration was going to do any such thing."



SENATOR GOODE DREW SPARKS ASIDE

## THE WEB

### A Weaving of the Courts

By FREDERICK TREVOR HILL

Author of "The Case and Exceptions," "The Minority," Etc.

A STORY IN NINE PARTS : PART SIX : ILLUSTRATED BY A. I. KELLER

#### SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING PARTS

Ainslie Lorimer, wishing to obtain a divorce from her dissolute husband, asks David Maddox, a successful young lawyer, to represent her. About the same time Joseph Searing, a corporation magnate, engages the unscrupulous Jarvis Myrick to defend the Placento Company against a charge of fraud, brought by Abbott Frayer on behalf of his niece, Harmony Frayer, who has money invested in Searing's Company. Mrs. Lorimer, whose case Maddox refuses, upon securing the divorce, marries his best friend, Kay Evans. After employing all possible subtle fuges and quibbles for the postponement of the Placento case, Myrick recognizes that his defeat by Maddox, Miss Frayer's counsel (and admirer), is inevitable. At this juncture of affairs the half-insane Lorimer brings suit, upon a strong technicality, to have the divorce set aside. Lorimer's lawyer suggests to Myrick that Lorimer's suit may be stopped if Maddox will drop proceedings against the Placento Company.

#### CHAPTER XVII

RAT RICKETTS watched the streams of people hurrying from the incoming Central trains with a gratifying sense of his own importance. Mr. Ricketts had endured contempt and ridicule from all sorts and conditions of men ever since he could remember, and his opportunities for personal glorification were few and far between. But the Ego in us all lies deep centred. No mere human agency can crush or even reach it, and the deathbed speeches and last words that have come down to us, if correctly reported, show it unconquerable even in the presence of the great Leveller.

Mr. Ricketts' vanity and self-esteem remained untouched after a lifetime of contumely and scorn, and he scanned the faces of the men and women who passed him in the station's concourse with swelling satisfac-

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tion. Yonder elegantly attired personage ordering a hansom with the assurance of a millionaire had been examined last week as a judgment debtor and had sworn he was penniless. Rat had served more than one set of papers on the gentleman—That haughty grand dame, passing with a rustle of silk skirts, was giving her creditors a long run for their money. She had lied when Rat had asked her name only a few days ago. Now she brushed by without noticing him. That had been her mistake last time, and Rat smiled sardonically as he remembered how she started when he handed her the summons. A bank clerk, suspected of living beyond his income, hurried by and Rat noted every line of his careworn face—mentally shaving him in case he should some day attempt that cheap disguise.

Every train-load brought its quota of men and women about whom the process-server knew something—generally an ugly something.

Mr. Ricketts had ample opportunity for sunning himself in this manner undisturbed by professional duties. The Eastern Express was half an hour late, and Rat's business was postponed accordingly. It was dark before the arrival of this train was announced, but the process-server did not seem to fear missing his quarry in the gathering darkness. He watched the incoming passengers for a time with casual interest, and then turned his back on them to follow the movements of a red-capped official who was wheeling an invalid's chair toward one of the rear cars. The man held his vehicle near the car platform to receive a woman who was being carried down the steps by two negro porters. Rat viewed the distant scene with languid attention until another woman descended from the car. Then he stepped into one of the deep shadows cast by the electric light and peered closely at this last passenger

through the iron grill separating the concourse from the platform. The object of his scrutiny bent down to the sick woman, adjusted some pillows at her back, spoke a few words in her ear, and then nodded to the red-capped official who began to roll the chair toward the exit, followed by the porters carrying bags and wraps. As the little procession approached him, Mr. Ricketts' eyes were fixed upon the woman walking beside the invalid. There was something strangely familiar to him about her face and yet he did not instantly recall when or where he had seen it. Before she reached the grill, however, he had located her in the Rotunda of the County Court House passing down the stairway with Jarvis Myrick.

"Mrs. Lorimer, I believe."

Ainslie turned quickly at the name and gazed in surprise at the sinister little person standing beside her. Then she glanced apprehensively at the drooping figure in the chair and silently motioned the process-server to one side. "You wish to speak to me?" she asked in a low tone. "Please be quick."

Rat drew forth his papers, pressing them into her outstretched hand. "It is my duty, Mrs. Lorimer, to—" "What is it?" she interrupted. "Do you come from the hospital?"

"No, mam. I dislike hospitals—I wouldn't enter one if I—"

"Won't you please tell me what this is?" she asked. "I haven't a moment to spare now. Unless it's a matter of immediate importance I must ask you to see me about it some other day."

She held out the document, but Rat stepped back quickly, putting his hands behind him.

"No, it's not immediately important," he answered patronizingly, glad to prolong the interview with this

handsome woman. "You have twenty days to answer and it's usual to grant extensions as a matter of professional courtesy. There'll be no trouble about that with a firm of our standing. By the way, you admit that you're Mrs. Lorimer, don't you?—Ainslie Lorimer?"

"That was certainly my name at one time, but—"

"Of course. I understand—"

Rat suddenly paused and shrank back, his mouth still open and his dilating eyes centred beyond Ainslie, who stood gazing at him in amazement.

"Say!" he whispered hoarsely, still backing away. "I don't like that old woman in the chair! What makes her look at me like that? What's the matter with—"

He stopped as Ainslie turned and flew to her mother's chair, kneeling down beside it.

"Holy Father!" he gasped, hurriedly crossing himself. "She's going—she's dead!"

He crouched against the grill and stared for a few moments in fascinated horror at the ashen face. Suddenly his eyes rested upon the papers he had served lying on the floor. Rat had been warned to avoid publicity in the case of Lorimer vs. Lorimer, but the thought of death terrified him to the point of panic, and for an instant he meditated flight. Then he crept forward stealthily, clutched the papers, thrust them in the open satchel which hung from Ainslie's side and slunk away unnoticed, crossing himself again and again as he retreated.

## CHAPTER XVIII

**T**HE SHOCK of her mother's death drove all recollection of the interview with Rat Ricketts from Ainslie's mind. But when at the end of a week she discovered the summons and complaint in her satchel, her first thought was one of thankfulness that her husband need never see the words which she read with flaming cheeks. She had telegraphed him the day her mother died not to come East. Now she could save him the humiliating knowledge of this grewsome legal mistake. That the papers had been drawn and served on her in error she did not for a moment doubt. It was a blunder—terrible, shocking, but not a remediless blunder. A cool head and prompt action would effectually dispose of the incident, without further distress to any one.

Ainslie instantly wired her Providence lawyers, instructing them to forward a copy of the decree granting her divorce, and the hour this arrived saw her at the offices of Rutledge, Bailey & Nugent.

Neither the comfort nor the richness of the furnishings had any effect upon the mentally suffocating atmosphere of the private reception-room of the great law firm. It was like a battened-down ship's cabin where every sound from the deck suggests an unknown danger—doubly perilous because unknown. The clients sat and watched one another silently like doomed victims, suspicion—cynical, savage, or apprehensive—brooding in every face.

"Mr. Nugent will see you now, madam."

Ainslie almost leaped to her feet as she heard the words and followed the messenger into the private hall. Mr. Nugent was writing at his desk and did not look up as his caller was announced, but Ainslie felt her heart sink with dread as she saw his mask-like face.

The lawyer ceased writing as the clerk closed the door and silently indicated a chair with a wave of his hand. Then he crossed his legs, rested an elbow on the arm of his chair, and, with his chin in his hand, studied the floor as he listened to Ainslie's story. He appeared neither interested nor bored, but merely receptive, allowing her to continue without interruption or comment, examining the copy of her divorce decree perfunctorily, showing neither sympathy nor surprise when she referred to the horrid nature of the mistake and emphasized her desire to have it corrected without another moment's delay. At last his drooping eyelids lifted slowly, and he glanced once at Ainslie's face, but when he spoke his words were addressed impersonally to the decree in his hand rather than to her.

"I would advise Mrs. Lorimer to consult her own counsel—not her husband's."

Ainslie's heart seemed to stop as the dull, flat tone reached her ears, but she rose from her chair, her face crimson and her eyes flashing.

"My name is Mrs. Evans," she began, struggling to control her voice. "I see no necessity of outside intervention in this matter, and I suppose you do not care to advertise your mistake."

Nugent straightened himself in his chair, folded up the divorce decree, and handed it to his visitor.

"Can I be of any further assistance, madam?" he asked.

Ainslie's face grew white as she met his cold stare.

"Do you mean to say—" she began.

"I mean to say nothing, madam, except—consult your own lawyer."

"Why? This decree proves your mistake. What more could a lawyer give you?"

"He might show me some value in that paper."

Ainslie slowly sank into a chair and stared at the speaker. But at last she roused herself.

"If there is anything—anything wrong with my

papers," she began, "it can surely be corrected. But this suit is certainly a mistake. Mr. Lorimer would never countenance any such thing. He is—he is a gentleman," she added faintly.

Nugent touched his bell.

"Has Mr. Lorimer arrived?" he asked the boy who answered the summons. "Tell him to step in here," he added as the clerk nodded. "This office is not in the habit of bringing unauthorized lawsuits, Mrs. Lorimer," he continued in an ugly tone as the door closed, "and your insinuation is offensive. If my client desires to discontinue these proceedings, however, I have no objection, and you are free to settle the matter with him.—Come in."

Ainslie started as the door opened and two men entered the room. For an instant she did not recognize Richard Lorimer in the ghastly wreck who tottered across the threshold supported by an attendant and sank into the nearest chair. The glazed eyes, the sagging jaw, the deathly pallor of the vacant face, the nerveless body, and palsied limbs were each terrible enough in themselves—but combined they formed a revolting thing.

Ainslie shrank back with horror against the bookcase.

"Mr. Lorimer," began Nugent, fixing his client with his brooding gaze, "Mr. Lorimer, your wife has called



"DO YOU MEAN TO TELL ME YOU DON'T KNOW THE CONDITION OF THIS MAN?" SHE EXCLAIMED

on me about your suit. I have indicated the illegality of her Rhode Island suit against you, and advised her to consult her own counsel. She seems to think, however, that I have begun these proceedings without due authority. Ordinarily, I should pay no attention to such an accusation, but in this case it is best that matters should be thoroughly understood. Do you desire me to continue your suit for divorce?"

Lorimer stared stupidly at the lawyer and fumbled his lips with uncontrolled fingers.

"Divorced suit," he mumbled with thick tongue. "Yeth. Sue. Never give upth."

He relapsed into silence, playing pitifully with his neck-scarf.

"Are you satisfied, madam?"

Ainslie turned on the speaker like a flash, her eyes blazing.

"Do you mean to tell me you don't know the condition of this man?" she exclaimed, pointing at Lorimer.

Nugent glanced at some papers on his desk with studied inattention.

"Can you call yourself a man," she continued, "and consent to do the bidding of that pitiful wretch?"

Nugent drummed impatiently on his desk, but neither looked up nor answered.

"I don't believe there is any mistake in my papers," she proceeded, speaking more calmly. "You're trying to frighten me. I don't know why and I don't care. You will not succeed, however. If you do not already know it, I tell you now that Mr. Lorimer is irresponsible—wholly irresponsible in his present state, and that your continuation of this suit can only bring sorrow to innocent people, unless"—she paused until Nugent glanced up at her—"unless," she repeated, "it shall bring danger to you. No, you need not ring, Mr. Nugent, I am going. But remember I'm not a woman you can frighten. I can fight if need be, and—"

She checked herself suddenly, gazed into the hopelessly vacant face, and then crossed the room and passed out without another word.

Nugent did not move for a few seconds. Then he caught the stolid attendant's eyes, silently pointed at Lorimer with his forefinger, and indicated departure with a jerk of his thumb.

When the door closed behind the client and his keeper, Mr. Nugent resumed the writing which Ainslie had interrupted.

## CHAPTER XIX

**W**HY DIDN'T you come to me at once?"

Maddox lowered the window-shade behind him, shadowing Ainslie's face. She had told her story with the terrible brevity of repression, making neither comment nor inquiry, and now sat in his office dumbly staring into the light, like one mortally stricken and oblivious to surroundings. If she heard his question she did not heed it.

"You should have come to me at once," he repeated quietly.

"If I had, could you have done anything?"

She turned quickly to him with the direct, almost breathless question, and Maddox slowly noted the anxious tremble in her voice.

"Nothing has been lost by the delay," he answered reassuringly. "I mean it isn't wise to keep a matter like this to one's self. It must be talked out and thought out with friends and shared—"

"I know," she interrupted, "but I thought I could settle it myself. I supposed it was only a mistake—a horrible mistake which no one need know of except those—those people and me. But perhaps it has come more gradually this way. Even now I do not fully realize it. Had you told me at once that there was no help—"

"I never said so."

"If I had known that such a monstrous thing was possible," she continued, ignoring his protest, "if I had dreamed such injustice would be tolerated anywhere in the world, I might have gone mad. I think I should have gone mad!"

Maddox watched the speaker as a physician would watch a patient. Suddenly he addressed her in a tone of annoyance. "Now listen to me before we go any further, Mrs. Evans," he began sharply. "I don't wish you to repeat the statement that I said your case was hopeless or helpless. I never made any such remark, and although you do not intend to give offence, the statement is decidedly offensive."

Ainslie looked up at her counsel in surprise. She had never heard him speak so roughly.

"I am sorry—" she began.

"Very well. Say no more about it," he snapped. "If you feel like railing against the law, of course I've no objection, and perhaps I can supply you with fuel for your wrath, for I know more about it than you do."

"Really, Mr. Maddox," protested Ainslie with a faint smile, "I haven't been scolded like that since I was a little girl."

"You are a child in legal matters," he continued brusquely, encouraged by the smile. "You have had just enough experience to make you miserable, but not enough to make you philosophic."

Ainslie brushed back a lock of hair from her forehead as she turned to the lawyer with a troubled glance.

"I've tried to look at it philosophically," she began. "You don't know how hard I've tried. But I can not get comfort from it. I can not—I can not! The law brands me—not only for life—but it writes the record down so that every tongue that wants a taunt for my child can find it there. Will the technicality save me, or soften the taunts for her?—Mr. Maddox, do you suppose there is a mother anywhere in the world philosophic enough to reason this smirch away?"

"I don't want you to reason at all, Mrs. Evans. Leave that to me for a while. Because I tell you frankly that the law of this State will not recognize your Rhode Island divorce unless there has been strict compliance with the New York requirements, you are not to suppose that I think the case hopeless. I judge from what you say that your papers were not served upon Mr. Lorimer, as provided for by the New York statutes. Errors of this kind have occurred before to-day, and it is true that the Courts allow Lorimer to maintain this action against you regardless of consequences, and they deprive you of all defence. This is cruelly, inhumanly, monstrously unjust, but it is the law. However, when I find myself circumvented by the law I always try a little circumvention on my own account. What can't be cured must be endured isn't a good legal proverb. I've changed it to what can't be cured must be killed, and on more than one occasion the threat has acted as a restorative. Have you given me every detail in the history of your divorce from your first word with Myrick to your last with Nugent?"

"I think so."

"Are you sure? When did you first hear of this case?"

"When the papers were handed to me in the Grand Central Depot."

"You never told me about that."

"Didn't I?"

"No; tell me about it—the day, the hour, the place, the persons, what you said—everything—no matter how trivial."

Maddox's purpose was to rouse Ainslie and divert her mind rather than to obtain any practical information, and yet, as he listened to her description of Rat Ricketts, he began to take an interest in the story itself. When she told about finding the papers in her satchel he gave a snort of disgust.

"I believe that little beast would thrust his papers into the stiffening fingers of a dying man," he remarked. "He absolutely lacks all decency in such matters, and yet he has a feeling for his work which corresponds to a better man's sense of duty. He enjoys his sneaking trade. Perhaps he takes pride in it. I know he positively delights in pouncing upon his victims."

"Well, he evidently felt a little conscience-stricken in my case, for he called on me afterward and apologized."

"Rat called on you and apologized for serving his papers!"



Maddox's question was exclamatory and incredulous. "He certainly did, and it was very kindly intended, I am sure."

"When did he call and where?"

"At the hotel—the night after I had seen Mr. Nugent. Yesterday? Yes, that was it, though it seems longer."

Ainslie spoke wearily and leaned back in her chair.

"What did he say?"

"Oh, I can't remember. It was a jumble of words about his regret and his duty and his hope that my mother received the last sacrament in time, and his wish that 'his parties,' as he called them, would try to distinguish between him professionally and personally. He was a little pathetic and incoherent, but entirely well-meaning, I thought. He seemed to know I was acquainted with the Frayers, and asked me if I didn't think Harmony was looking well. Indeed, he talked a good deal of her."

Maddox watched his client with a puzzled expression. "I can't quite fancy Rat as a man of delicate feelings and social qualities," he observed musingly. "Have you told me everything he said?"

A faint flush overspread Ainslie's pale cheeks.

"He let me know that he was familiar with my case," she admitted with heightening color. "I suppose I must accustom myself to that," she added bitterly.

"What did he have to say about your case?"

"Nothing very much. There was a pause in the conversation and he seemed at a loss for something to say. Then he produced one of his business cards and asked me to remember him if I ever required services in his line. While I was reading the card he suddenly asked me if I thought it well worded. I think I said yes, and then he remarked that you had laughed at it."

Maddox smiled reminiscently. "I remember," he said. "How did that lead up to your case?"

"He asked me if I knew you, and when I told him you were my lawyer, he remarked confidentially that you were smart, and that I needn't worry about my matter, which would be all right when you dropped the Placento case."

Maddox started. "The Placento case," he suggested, as though speaking to himself. "Rat said your matter would come out all right when I dropped the Placento case?"

"Substantially that."

"Did Ricketts sound as though he were delivering a message when he said that?"

The sharp tone of the question surprised Ainslie and made her glance up quickly. Maddox was watching her intently, almost eagerly.

"No," she answered thoughtfully. "Why do you ask that? What is the Placento case?"

Maddox did not answer, and when he spoke again he appeared to have forgotten her question.

"I must argue the Blanchard case to-morrow," he began meditatively. "It's an important matter and possibly may occupy more than one day. In the meantime I want you to go to Providence and ask your lawyers there to give you a certified copy of every paper bearing on your case. As soon as you get them bring them to me and we will soon discover the exact nature of Nugent's quibble. I could send a clerk for these papers, but the more quietly we move just at present the better. You can start to-night and return to-morrow, can you not?"

"Yes, yes—I'm only too glad to have something to do. I think you know that," she added.

"You will do the work quicker and better than any one else," he asserted imperturbably.

Ainslie rose from her chair.

"I understand," she answered gratefully, as he took her hand at parting. "Thank you. I will try to think of nothing but what I'm sent to do. That's right, isn't it?" she asked with a faint smile.

He nodded cheerfully.

"I'm not even to think what the Placento case is?" she suggested a little wistfully.

Maddox frowned doubtfully at the question, and his eyes expressed amused perplexity.

"I don't think I know myself," he answered, "but I intend to find out, and if I do, I'll tell you when we meet again. You shall be the first one to learn anything I know which touches your case. But remember—no news is good news."

## CHAPTER XX

FOR THE REST of the day Maddox kept piecing together the hidden meaning of Rat's jumble of words. Facts and circumstances recurred to his mind without effort, following one another spontaneously and slipping into place, despite his efforts to think of other things.

No matter what he did or said or thought that day, all unconsciously he kept on selecting and rejecting from the mass of material in his memory. Even as he argued the Blanchard case, snatches of conversation with Myrick came back to him, charged with new meaning and suggestions jumped together as though electrically attracted. By night-time his theory fitted the facts so exactly that it almost stood demonstrated. After all, the pieces were not numerous, and, assembled, they spelled out a connected and unmistakable message.

Rutledge, Bailey & Nugent were attorneys for the Coast & Gulf Railway—the Coast & Gulf was the ostrich which was diligently burying its head in the Placento sand. That was, and had been for some time, perfectly apparent. The contract in dispute was, of course, important to the railroad, or the suit would not have been so bitterly contested. It was so important that Mr. Searing and the other gentlemen concerned were willing to risk a scandal in order to carry it through. A trial was now inevitable, and a trial would precipitate the scandal. But this could be avoided by surrender. Myrick's and Rutledge's clients had only to consent to a cancellation of the objectionable contraction and the action would go no further. Why this course was not adopted was explicable only upon the theory that one of Searing's far-reaching schemes depended upon the existence of this contract, and to save it he was ready to risk everything.

But no matter what the reasons for their stubborn policy might be, the fact was that Rutledge, Bailey & Nugent's clients were on the verge of a crisis sufficiently dangerous to induce desperate measures. Myrick, of course, knew every detail of Ainslie's private affairs—and he knew of Maddox's friendship for Evans. Of all the Placento conspirators he, perhaps, had most at stake and he would not hesitate to sacrifice a friend in order to save himself. Nugent had sufficient cunning to devise the scheme, and under his guidance Myrick could work it out. But no matter who suggested it the plan was absolutely clear. Lorimer's divorce was not aimed at Ainslie, but at Frayer's attorney. It was a spoke in the wheel of the threatening Placento juggernaut.

By the time Ainslie returned from Providence with copies of the full record of the Rhode Island suit, Maddox had little hope of learning anything useful from them. Still he examined them carefully on the chance of learning something which would suggest an escape from the maddening predicament. But the defect which Nugent had discovered existed and it was incurable. Similar cases had been passed upon by the higher courts, and the law was no longer even debatable. If the Lorimer action were pushed, it would succeed, and nothing could prevent the issuing of a shameful decree. Ainslie was hopelessly trapped. Convinced of the impossibility of defending her case, or diverting the catastrophe by direct means, Maddox proceeded to demonstrate the correctness of his theory as to the purpose of the suit. He worked cautiously, for every step was fraught with danger and a false move would invite disaster. To approach Nugent or Myrick openly was not to be considered for a moment. If his conclusions were justified, direct overtures would place him at a disadvantage from the start. If he were working along the wrong lines his theory might give a hint to the enemy upon which they would not be slow to act. If the idea of killing the Placento litigation with the Lorimer suit had not occurred to his opponents, he had no right to supply them with the suggestion. Hasty action of any kind would expose his weakness if it did not engulf him utterly in some hidden pitfall. Wariness and indirection were the only safeguards in this voyage of discovery.

Maddox began to take an interest in local politics, and night after night he appeared at the district club over which fat, good-natured Innes Bailey—the middleman of Mr. Rutledge's distinguished firm—presided. "In" Bailey was one of those hail-fellows-well-met who are continually slapped on the back by all sorts and conditions of men, but who never slap back. Five out of every six men who talked to "In" Bailey instinctively fondled his arm, or rested a confidential hand on his shoulder, but Mr. Bailey's paws were generally thrust deep in his own pockets. Yet Mr. Bailey's familiars were known as henchmen. There was no better listener in town, however, than "the middleman." His guffaw of laughter shook his whole body and his conversational powers, though extremely limited, were sufficient to make any number of followers jump at his slightest word. Maddox consorted with the henchmen on every possible occasion, and night after night he angled and whipped the district pool for a rise from the big fish, never showing even his shadow beyond the tangle of words in which he lay concealed. For a week or more his patience went unrewarded, and when at last there was a nibble at his bait he jerked in only a small fry. But the small-fry looked like a pilot-fish.

It was only a word or two that Bailey put in the mouth of his creature, but it served to open communications. Maddox, however, responded cautiously, merely signalling receipt of the message by one of the political dark-lanterns, and waiting for an answering flash. It came after a prudent pause, and then the exchange of signals became more rapid until all doubt was removed and Maddox's theory had become a condition. The price of Ainslie's immunity was the abandonment of the Placento litigation.

The terms of the exchange were brief and simple. Neither side need fear bad faith. Let one case insure the other. At the first adjournment of the Placento case the present action against Mrs. Lorimer would be discontinued. As long as Maddox allowed the Placento suit to lie dormant, Lorimer's case would not be renewed—if Maddox moved his case for trial, Rutledge, Bailey & Nugent would file new papers against Mrs. Lorimer. The Placento contract had almost three years more to run. At the end of that time Lorimer's action would be barred by law. Lorimer's counsel could manage him, and presumably Maddox could fix his man.

Not a word of this proposition came to Maddox direct from his opponents. Negotiations of this kind generally have a cover, often two covers—sometimes three. Anyway, they seldom see the light. There are very few lawyers who are publicly disgraced.

Meanwhile Ainslie had been causing Maddox no little anxiety. The suspense and delay had been visibly telling upon her. She was as self-possessed and calm as

ever, but she seemed to be steadily losing strength. Maddox decided that a vigorous tonic was necessary and explained the situation in its every detail.

"I told you that when the law circumvented me I generally got around it," he concluded cheerfully. "I forgot to mention, however, that the road is sometimes rough."

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to tell Mr. Frayer to drop the Placento suit, of course."

"And that will end it all? Are you sure?"

She hesitated before she put the question—so much depended upon his answer. But he nodded reassuringly.

"I'm so glad—so glad that I can not thank you in words." She stopped and impulsively took his hand in both of hers and looked up at him gratefully.

"I know all this costs you," she whispered. "Is there no other way?"

"If I knew another way I confess I'd take it," he answered lightly. "But it costs me nothing. I'm as light-hearted as a boy about losing this case."

## CHAPTER XXI

MR. FRAYER, I haven't spoken to you for a long time about the Placento suit."

"That's right, my boy. Don't spoil your record now.—Sit down."

Uncle Abbott stretched himself out on a cushioned settee in the conservatory and pushed a wicker chair toward Maddox. Mr. Frayer had been in the best of spirits all the evening and was now in a genial after-dinner glow, but his guest waited until the butler had retired after placing the coffee and liqueurs on the little serving-table before he spoke again.

"All sorts of records have been broken in the Placento case, Mr. Frayer," he resumed, "and I'm afraid I'll have to surrender my good-conduct card now by talking about it."

"What's the use, Dave? The very thought of it makes me angry with myself, and every one else connected with the confounded thing, including the lawyers. Run it to suit yourself. Don't bother me, and I'll pay your bill when it's all over with a better grace."

Mr. Frayer spoke pleasantly, but there was a note of impatience in his tone.

"Do you mean that, Mr. Frayer?"

"Do I mean what?"

"That I may do whatever I please with the action."

"Certainly. I never want to hear of the thing again."

Maddox picked up a cigarette and studied the maker's name and owner's monogram as he rolled it thoughtfully between his fingers.

"I think I'd like to have written authority before I act on such sweeping instructions, Mr. Frayer," he resumed jestingly, after a pause.

"Written authority? What for?"

"To justify my actions in case my instructions were ever questioned."

"You mean in case I changed my mind," chuckled Mr. Frayer.

Dave laughed. "The powers are unusually broad,"

he answered tentatively.

"What's up with the suit, Dave?"

"I thought you didn't want to know anything more about it."

"I don't. But I suppose if I must hear about it, I must. So go ahead and let's get through with it as soon as possible."

"I'm through with it now. I want to let it go to seed, but I thought you ought to know the fact."

"That's good as far as it goes. Out with your tale of woe, my boy."

Maddox promptly took up the history of the Placento litigation where Uncle Abbott had dropped it, and brought it down to date, touching lightly on the points most calculated to rouse his client's ire, but omitting nothing essential to the story. Mr. Frayer's face grew red as he listened, his eyes sparkled with excitement, and he sat up straight, staring intently at his guest. Once or twice he started to interrupt, but checked himself with an effort, his lips twitching and his fingers moving nervously. Even after Maddox ceased talking he continued to gaze across the table, without speaking.

ing, his cheeks alternatively flushing and paling, but when he broke the silence his voice was unusually calm.

"That's an interesting story, Dave, my boy—highly interesting," he began musingly. "But you don't take that divorce business very seriously, I suppose?"

"I'm afraid it is serious—most serious."

"Do you mean to tell me that a woman who obtains a sound, legal divorce in Rhode Island can be sued for divorce by her former husband in New York after she has married again?"

"Yes."

"I don't believe it! It's preposterous!" Mr. Frayer's snowy side-whiskers and mustache began to stand out from his face against a crimson background.

"It's preposterous, but it is also the law," answered Maddox quietly.

"Well if that's so there's even less safety in the law



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for honest people than I supposed," retorted Uncle Abbott. "However, there's no little satisfaction in having those Placento rascals on the run. You've done well, Dave—far better than I imagined possible. I congratulate you. There's no doubt but you've cornered them this time?"

"There would be no doubt about it if we could try the case."

Mr. Frayer's white eyebrows rose astonishingly. "If we could try it?" he repeated in surprise. "We must try it immediately, of course."

Maddox pushed back his chair from the table and studied the speaker's crimson face for a moment. "You forget Mrs. Evans," he began quietly, "or else I have not made myself clear. We can not proceed with the Placento case without—"

"Oh, I heard all that," interrupted Mr. Frayer impatiently, "and I don't care to hear it again. It sounds to me extremely like blackmail."

"It is blackmail—legalized blackmail—but—"

"Then don't let us waste any time on it! The man isn't born who can blackmail me, sir, and I consider the proposition an insult to my intelligence. When can our case be tried?"

Every hair on Mr. Frayer's face was bristling and his eyes sparkled angrily. Maddox paused for some moments before he replied.

"If you will listen to me for a moment, Mr. Frayer," he began soothingly, "I think I can make you see the situation in a different light. Our opponents—"

"Now, Maddox, don't argue about this blackmail business," interposed Mr. Frayer with a wave of his arms. "I won't entertain it for an instant, and I must say I'm surprised that a lawyer of your standing should countenance such proceedings."

"It's imperative in this case, Mr. Frayer."

"It's not imperative for me, sir! I don't know the word, and if a set of infernal rascals think they can dictate to me—"

Uncle Abbott choked on his words and ended in a fit of coughing. Maddox hastened to take advantage of the pause.

"You mustn't look at it in that way, Mr. Frayer," he began.

"I'll look at it any way I please, sir!" the old gentleman burst out afresh. "You call yourself a lawyer and let a lot of ruffians and sharpers bamboozle and threaten you to a standstill and then presume to tell me how to look at a thing! If you weren't my guest I'd say it was impudence, sir—a piece of downright impertinence—"

"Mr. Frayer, allow me a word," interrupted Maddox, alarmed at his host's increasing violence. "If the matter concerned you or me alone I would never have reported this proposition, which is personally humiliating to me. Unfortunately, however, our case involves the happiness of more than one life—the happiness of people known to you and dear to me. We are face to face with enemies who are protecting themselves behind the bodies of our friends. Under such circumstances we are not cowards because we refuse to slaughter the innocent. We have no right to succeed at such a cost."

"I have every right to forbid you to countenance blackmail, sir, and I do forbid it!" Mr. Frayer struck the table as he roared out the words.

"I'm confident you will think better of this, Mr. Frayer."

Maddox spoke gently, but the words seemed to rouse his host to the point of fury. He leaned across the serving-table and shook a menacing finger in his lawyer's face.

"I'm not confident of anything, Mr. Maddox!" he shouted. "I'm not confident of you, sir! When can my case be reached?"

Maddox flushed angrily. It would be safe to underestimate the present position of the case and gain time by the evasion. The old gentleman was beside himself with excitement and fury. The provocation to equivocate was strong, but the lawyer hesitated only for a moment.

"It will be on the calendar ready for trial the first week in October," he answered calmly.

"Then try it, if you value your reputation!"

"Mr. Frayer!"

Maddox sprang to his feet, all his pent-up indignation bursting forth in the exclamation, and his host started at the sound. He had never before seen Dave Maddox angry.

"Mr. Frayer, I have listened to you tonight with all the patience at my command, because you are my senior, and my host, and because matters more important than my personal feelings are under consideration. But there is a limit to self-respecting patience, and you have reached it. Very likely, you do not know what you have been saying, but you must understand the situation before we part to-night. If on reflection you should decide to press the Placento case, Mr. Frayer, I shall refuse to try it—Let us have no mistake about that!"

Mr. Frayer leaped to his feet and started toward the library. At the threshold he wheeled about, purple in the face and trembling with rage.

"Refuse to do your duty, sir, and I'll get another attorney!" he roared with a menacing gesture. "I'll do it anyway, for, by God, I tell you to your face, Maddox, I doubt your whole story. Bring every paper in that suit to me at the Bank on Wednesday morning, sir! Either you're being played for a fool or you're trying to sell me out, and I can guess which. But understand one thing, young man, right here and now, the Placento case is going to be tried if I have to hire every rascal in town!"

The glass doors of the conservatory clashed behind him as Mr. Frayer shouted the last words.

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**The Season's New Plays**  
By Lawrence Reamer

THE two musical farces most popular in New York to-day represent opposite poles of effort in that prevailing form of entertainment. The "Babes in Toyland" is of native manufacture. Victor Herbert wrote the music and Glen Macdonough enlivened with characteristic wit the wanderings of the titular infants through the fabulous lands that receive them. One is tempted, however, to overlook the efforts of these collaborators in the face of all that the scene painters, the costumer, and the stage-manager have accomplished. Mr. Herbert's music stimulates agreeably the sense of sound while the sense of vision revels in the changing views which might be cloying in their lavishness were not opulence tempered by taste and the restraining eye of an artist watchful in every vista of light and color.

"Three Little Maids," which came to Daly's with a year's vogue in London, is as simple as its American rival is elaborate. Paul Rubens, in writing both the text and the music, is impartially ingenious. His simple tunes, when they really possess the valuable element of tunefulness, are without a suspicion of musicianship, and the adventures of his three heroines are incredibly naive. In the happy land of English musical comedy, three daughters of a village parson are taken to London by a tightly laced but benevolent lady of title. She puts them at work in her tea-shop. They, of course, prove more attractive than their three city rivals and easily win their beaux. Intrigue and complication find no place in this plain story, which seems involved in the telling, compared to its simplicity as presented on the stage.

**A Homeric Drama**

Stephen Phillips was known only to readers in this country until Charles Frohman produced "Ulysses" at the Garden, as an evidence of his intention to bring here the best that the English stage produces, as well as the most popular. The Homeric drama was naturally no such assured material success as Paul Rubens's musical play. It was, moreover, a severe tax on the artistic resources commanded by the average New York manager. The task of finding actors who could read the verse well was made greater by the familiarity of audiences with the play as a book. Few of our actors are suited to classic plays, but the performance has been fairly successful. Tyrone Power possesses some superficial aids to playing Ulysses, but no amount of experience or ingenuity could hide his inability to reveal the qualities that make him a hero. It is in the acting of Rose Coghlan as Penelope that the most satisfying moments of the representation are to be found.

One shudders to think what might happen were this style applied to F. Anstey's "The Man from Blankley's," which Charles Hawtreys has brought to the Criterion. Any but the most modern and intimate way of playing that comedy would demolish it completely. An absent-minded lord wanders into the house adjoining that he intended to visit, and finds himself mistaken for the guest hired at a department store, to prevent the holocaust of thirteen at dinner. He is patronized and snubbed by the hosts before, during, and after the dinner which the three acts of the play reveal. The guests are oddly conceived by the author and quaintly realized by Mr. Hawtreys, whose part in the play allows him to show more of his ability as a stage-manager than of his delightful skill as a comedian. Put forward less adroitly, Mr. Anstey's characters might have made little impression. Mr. Hawtreys has made them vividly Dickensque.

**Good Later-Day Comedies**

Middle-class London in this play seems very little like the phases of New York life that Clyde Fitch reveals in "Her Own Way," although some of them are vulgar enough. There is only one New York, and Mr. Fitch is its dramatist. Maxine Elliott is the heroine of this last slice of Metropolitan existence, and stands between love and duty, which is the approved position of all heroines of the commercial drama. She must be relentlessly pursued by duty only to remain firmly true to love. The young girl in the play at the Garrick does all these things very intelligently and tastefully, and Miss Elliott shows what experience may accomplish.

Ethel Barrymore, who has a new play in "Cousin Kate," has been a star longer than Miss Elliott, although her experience as an actress has not been so extensive. Her personal charm dominates the play so completely that audiences at the Hudson Theatre are not disposed to find fault with her for falling short of what the part demands in certain scenes. As a novelist, who marries an Irish artist once betrothed to her pious young cousin, she has to act some scenes that lie beyond her present powers. But she is able to publish the author's fresh and fanciful humor, which is unforced, delicate, and refined. H. H. Davies also wrote "Cynthia," which Miss de Wolfe acted last spring, as well as "Cousin Kate," and one is surprised to find a young author turning out such plays. They usually take to the thrilling dramatic or broadly farcical. Mr. Davies, on the other hand, began with simple comedies, that in the absence of dramatic interest had to depend altogether on the treatment of their subject. It is highly creditable to him, therefore, to have succeeded so well as he has.

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## BEHIND THE SCENES IN WASHINGTON

### The Consul who was not Dead

IT is not alone on the chessboard of international politics that Secretary of State John Hay displays his diplomacy. He is a strategist of no mean order in foiling the moves of powerful opponents in the game of Congressional spoils.

Not long ago a well-known Western Representative in Congress was chosen United States Senator. He immediately began to figure what was really due him from the Government in the way of patronage. Already powerful in the Republican councils of his State, the new Senator bethought himself of the added glory of Government plums that should be plucked by his party workers and their friends. Their name was legion. There was, in fact, a glut in the market of available timber for official sinecures. The clamor for office was deep, loud, and insistent. The new Senator pondered over the prerogatives that, rightfully or unrightfully, belong to the toga-bearers of the nation. He finally saw his opportunity. At least he thought he did.

Straightway with true Senatorial dignity he summoned four of his henchmen. He promised them choice herths in the consular service. Such appointments are recognized Senatorial perquisites. He took his four friends to the State Department, and brushed past the sable-hued messenger, who vainly tried to explain that Secretary Hay was busily engaged on pressing international matters. The Senator and the quartet of would-be officeholders stalked single file toward Secretary Hay's desk.

"I am Senator Blank," said the Senator. "Good-morning," replied the author of "Little Breeches."

"And these are Mr. —," etc., "of my State," added the Senator.

The Secretary quietly nodded recognition. "Now, Mr. Secretary," continued the Senator, "I've been examining the consular list and I find that my great commonwealth is not adequately represented there. My State hasn't its quota of places, and I have now selected some of the desirable posts for some of the deserving men of my State."

A cold, impenetrable expression stole over the face of the Premier of the Roosevelt Cabinet. It was a look he assumes on occasions of grave moment, and one that a number of the Diplomatic Corps have learned to recognize as a sign to look to their laurels. "For instance?" suggested Hay.

"Well, here's Stuttgart. It's a good post, pays well, and desirable all around. I would like that appointment made first."

"Certainly. Wait a moment. I'll look into it." And Secretary Hay pressed a button. "Send for the appointment clerk," he ordered. The latter hurried in.

Mr. Hay's face became as solemn as the visages of the Goths in the olden days. "Mr. Mosher," he inquired, "why did not you report to me that the consul at Stuttgart is dead?"

"But, Mr. Secretary—" "I want to know, sir, why you failed to report that fact to me?"

"But, Mr. Secretary, we have no such report—no advices even to indicate that he had been ill."

"Sure?"

"Certainly, sir." Hay turned to the Senator. "Senator," he said, "there's some mistake. You must have been misinformed. The consul at Stuttgart is still alive."

There was an awkward silence. The Secretary stood grim and sombre. The four who had coveted the foreign posts shifted position uneasily. The Senator boiled with indignation. But suddenly, from somewhere in his inner sub-consciousness, there came a realization of the situation and of the futility of argument. He and his bevy of political adherents lost no time in filing out, while Secretary Hay, confronted with problems of world-wide moment, but none the less a ready friend of consular reform, smiled and resumed the consideration of treaty-making.

### Could not Work Much

A YOUNG newspaper reporter rushed into a drug store near the Treasury Department, and, calling up a local newspaper office, telephoned an item about the illness of a well-known public man. Then the reporter exchanged a few words with one of the clerks before leaving the store. It was evident that he was new in the business. He noticed a rather sleek-looking man standing at the counter. The sleek stranger had heard the telephone message and, turning to the reporter, carelessly asked:

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"Ever been connected with a newspaper?" "I was once," replied the stranger, "but I've never been able to do much real work." Then he gave his card as the scribe passed out. The latter looked at it and turned several shades of color. The stranger was John R. McLean, the proprietor of the Cincinnati "Enquirer."

### A Threat That Failed

NOT the least interesting feature of the Dowie episode was the attitude of unflinching self-restraint in the face of extreme provocation maintained by the newspaper representatives at Madison Square Garden, New York. The new Elijah spent many hours in pouring calumny and abuse, not at the press in general, but at the individuals seated within a few feet of him. They were called "curs" and "yellow dogs" and "gutter rats" and "stink pots"—not to mention epithets too vulgar to be repeated in print—while the raving prophet pointed them out one by one with a scornful finger. They were young, these men and women, who had to undergo that almost unique ordeal—being young, and high-spirited, and anything but cowardly. Yet they bore it all in self-possessed silence, betraying only by a deeper blush on the cheek or a half-disdainful, half-amused smile that they were conscious of the volleys of vituperation aimed at their heads. Once only did a member of their band turn and "talk back" in self-defence. There were no witnesses to that scene, however. The attack was personal and unexampled in its viciousness. A man made it, and the object of it was a woman—young, refined, of good family, and representing on this occasion one of the cleanest and ablest dailies in the city. In spite of a watchfulness and vindictiveness on the part of the Zionists which compelled two or three of her male colleagues to seek safety in flight, after having already hid among the seekers for health, she was able to attend, undetected, the first meeting behind locked doors, at which the possibility of "divine healing" was to be demonstrated. On leaving she was discovered by one of Dowie's lieutenants.

"Do you mean to write anything about this?" he demanded. "If you do, you'll regret it."

"I'll write everything I've seen and heard," was the unhesitating reply. "The whole thing is a humbug, and no threat of yours can keep me from telling the truth to the public."

"Well, then—" the man paused as if to give more weight to his words. "Listen—the Great Overseer is on to you. He has looked up your record, and he knows more about you than you think—more than you would like to have him know."

"What more of it?" rejoined the young woman. "I have lived in the open day all my life. I don't think myself better than other men and women, but I know there is nothing in my life to hide or be afraid of."

"You'll see to-night," the Zionist went on, shaking his finger at her. "If you don't promise right here to quit writing about us, the Great Overseer will expose you to-night in open meeting. The whole city will know what we know about you."

"And listen," the young woman retorted, her eyes ablaze. "Tell the Great Overseer from me, that if he dare to utter a single lie about me, if he make the slightest effort to attack my character, there will be a dead prophet in this city to-night."

The man in front of her gasped and took a step backward. "Mr. Dowie is surrounded by detectives," he faltered at last.

"I'll reach him in spite of them!" For a while the two antagonists looked hard at each other, as if either of them was trying to gauge the other one's resolve. The man was the first one to break the silence. "God Almighty protects the Great Overseer," he remarked with fervor.

"Never," the young woman cried passionately, "never yet did God Almighty protect a slanderer of women!"

With that she turned on her heel and walked away, leaving the Zionist speechless behind. That evening Dowie showed an unwonted moderation in his references to the newspaper men. The young woman's story appeared next morning. It told the truth. But even its disclosures did not make Dowie resume his venomous onslaughts on the press. The sting seemed to have been taken out of his tongue. Only a few members of the craft were in a position to guess the reason for his change of attitude. One of those who knew said in explanation of the matter: "He lost his backbone, that's all there was to it. That little woman threw a bad scare into him—bless her soul!"

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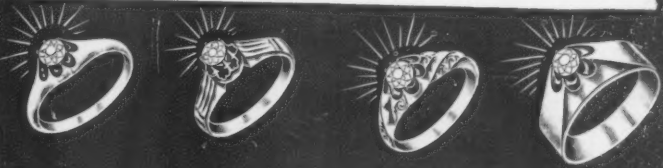
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